



No. XV]

Contents

[JANUARY 1884

PAGE

Jack's Courtship: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters VIII.-X. 225

By W. CLARK RUSSELL

The Decay of the British Ghost 251

By F. ANSTEV, Author of 'Vice-Versâ'

Left out on Lone Star Mountain 259

By BRET HARTE

Contrasts 283

By MISS A. L. MARTIN

The Ancestry of Birds 284

By GRANT ALLEN

The Clerke's Tale 298

By M. C. VACHELL

Madam. Chapters I.-V. 304

By MRS OLIPHANT

The 'Donna' 334

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.



'We Clamb the Hill Thegither.'



'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' aine anither.

'Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.'

My Golden Christmas Pudding with Two Faithful Friends.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

HOW TO ENJOY GOOD FOOD, which otherwise disorders the digestive organs, causing bilious headaches and impure blood, use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** Also as a refreshing, cooling, invigorating beverage use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** It is the best preventive and cure for Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors of Eating and Drinking.

Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, sweet champagne, dark sherries, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky, largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** is particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the powers of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**, therefore no family should ever be without it.

WHAT MAKES 'A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?'—Health and the things we love, and those who love us. For health use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.**

ACCIDENTAL INDIGESTION.—Before and after the Christmas Pudding **USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** The physical basis of life—Good Food. How to enjoy good food, that would otherwise cause Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, Poisonous Blood, &c., use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**, prepared from sound ripe fruit, as a Health-giving, Cooling, Sparkling, and Invigorating Beverage for any season.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE—GOOD FOOD.—How to assimilate or enjoy good food that would otherwise cause Constipation, Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, and other disasters, use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** Being a genuine product of nature, it is a true or natural way of preserving or restoring Health. It removes effete matter or poison from the blood, thus preventing and throwing off Fevers, Boils, and other morbid conditions of the blood. On that account you cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease; without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—"We have for the last four years used your Fruit Salt during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with Fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of Fruit Salt had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the Fruit Salt two and three times a day. The Fruit Salt acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others."

'Yours truly, COMMANDER A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

'J. C. Eno, Esq., London.'

'E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent, Siamese Government Telegraphs.

'Bangkok, Siam, May 1883.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked '**ENO'S FRUIT SALT.**' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only by J. C. Eno's Patent, at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E.

se,
ce,
ce,
ill
T
es
en
he
es
T
t.

se

E
ld
n.
n.

y
g
s,
o-
y

E
at
at
of
e
n

T

A

As re

PRO

15

Go

Not
a bri
these
out t
Man
and

P

Is sp
and
wint
the
the l
non-

Chap
ance
tain
plex
beau
com
Its
rem

8

PEARS' SOAP

The famous English Complexion Soap

Established in London 100 years.

A SPECIALTY FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

As recommended by the greatest English authority
on the Skin,

PROFESSOR SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,

President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

Good Complexion & Nice Hands

Nothing adds so much to personal appearance as a bright clear complexion and a soft skin, with these the plainest features become attractive, without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive. Many a complexion is marred by impure alkaline and coloured Toilet Soap.

PEARS' SOAP

Is specially prepared for the delicate skin of ladies and children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. In England it is pre-eminently the complexion Soap, and is recommended by all the best authorities, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear bright appearance and soft velvety condition imparted and maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury of the toilet. Its durability and consequent economy is remarkable.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

*For the hands and complexion
I prefer it to* *Lillie Langtry*
any other.

MRS. LANGTRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE, LONDON.



PUBLISHED BY BLACKIE & SON.

In 4 vols. imperial 8vo. cloth, £5.; or, half-bound in morocco, £6. 6s.

THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

A Complete Encyclopædic Lexicon: Literary, Scientific, and Technological.

By JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D.

New Edition, carefully Revised and greatly Augmented. Edited by CHARLES ALLANDALE, M.A.

Illustrated by above 3,000 Engravings, printed in the Text.

From the SATURDAY REVIEW.

'The promise of the first volume has been kept throughout, and the whole, as completed, is a monument of patience, industry, and good work. From beginning to end it has received the same thorough and conscientious care; it is copious, it is trustworthy, it is beautifully illustrated, and it is admirably printed on good paper..... It will be for many years the most serviceable and most highly valued of English Dictionaries.'

OGILVIE'S MINOR DICTIONARIES.

THE COMPREHENSIVE ENGLISH DICTIONARY:

Explanatory, Pronouncing, and Etymological. Illustrated by above 800 Engravings on Wood. Large 8vo. cloth, 25s.; half-morocco, 32s.

THE STUDENT'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY: Etymo-

logical, Pronouncing, and Explanatory. With about 300 Engravings on Wood. Imperial 16mo. half-roan, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

DR. OGILVIE'S SMALLER DICTIONARY. Abridged from

'The Student's Dictionary' by the Author. Imperial 16mo. cloth, red edges, 2s. 6d.; half-roan, 3s. 6d.

THE UNIVERSE: OR THE INFINITELY GREAT AND

THE INFINITELY LITTLE. By F. A. POUCHET, M.D. With 273 Engravings on wood. Seventh Edition, medium 8vo. cloth elegant, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; full morocco, blind tooled, 16s.

SIMPLE LESSONS IN WATER-COLOUR: LANDSCAPE.

Eight Fac-similes of Original Water-Colour Drawings, and Thirty Vignettes, after various artists. With full instructions by an experienced Master. Cloth extra, 3s.

NEW BOOKS FOR JUVENILES.

WITH OLIVE IN INDIA; or, the

Beginnings of an Empire. By G. A. HENRY, Author of 'Facing Death,' 'Under Drake's Flag,' &c. With Twelve Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth elegant, olive edges, 6s.

THE WIGWAM AND THE WAR-

PATH: Stories of the Red Indians. By ASCOTT B. HORE, Author of 'Stories of Old Renown,' &c. With Eight Full-page Pictures. Crown 8vo. cloth elegant, 6s.

PICKED UP AT SEA; or, the Gold

Miners of Minturne Creek. By JOHN C. HURCHESON, Author of 'The Penang Pirate,' &c. With Six Full-page Pictures in colour. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

DR. JOLLIFFE'S BOY'S: a Tale of

Weston School. By LEWIS HUGH, Author of 'Phil Crawford,' &c. With Six Full-page Pictures. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

THE GOLDEN MAGNET: a Tale of

the Land of the Incas. By GEO. MANVILLE FENN, Author of 'In the King's Name,' 'Nat the Naturalist,' &c. With Twelve Full-page Pictures. Crown 8vo. cloth elegant, olive edges, 6s.

BY SHEER PLUCK: a Tale of the

Ashanti War. By G. A. HENRY, Author of 'Facing Death,' 'Under Drake's Flag,' &c. With Eight Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth elegant, 6s.

CHEEP AND CHATTER; or, Lessons

from Field and Tree. By ALICE BANKS. With Fifty Character Illustrations by Gordon Browne. Square 8vo. cloth elegant, 3s. 6d., or gilt edges, 4s.

JACK O'LANTHORN: a Tale of Adven-

ture. By HENRY FRITH, Author of 'On the Wings of the Wind,' &c. With Four Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

London: BLACKIE & SON, 49 and 50 Old Bailey.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

A SUITABLE PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS OR THE NEW YEAR.

NOW READY,

With over 100 Illustrations, bound in cloth, price 4s. 6d.

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Volume I. New Series (July to December 1883).

.. Cases for Binding the Volume may be had, price One Shilling each.

The PALL MALL GAZETTE says of the monthly issue of the *CORNHILL MAGAZINE*:—‘*The magazine reader will find no better investment for his sixpence.*’

NEW VOLUME OF

THE ‘STANDARD’ EDITION

OF

W. M. THACKERAY'S WORKS.

PENDENNIS. Vol. II. With 24 Steel Plates and 65 Wood Engravings.
Large 8vo. 10s. 6d. [On January 1.]

NEW WORK BY LIEUT.-COL. R. L. PLAYFAIR.

THE SCOURGE OF CHRISTENDOM: Annals of British Relations with Algiers prior to the French Conquest. With Illustrations of Ancient Algiers from 1578 to 1824. By Lieut.-Col. R. L. PLAYFAIR, H.B.M.'s Consul at Algiers. Demy 8vo. 14s. [In January.]

NEW WORK BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

SHAKSPERE'S PREDECESSORS IN THE ENGLISH DRAMA. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, Author of ‘*The Renaissance in Italy*’ &c. Demy 8vo. 16s. [In January.]

MEMOIRS OF LIFE AND WORK. By CHARLES J. B. WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty the Queen. With Original Portraits. 8vo. [In the press.]

LEGAL MEDICINE. Part II. By CHARLES MEYMOTT TIDY, M.B., F.C.S., Master of Surgery; Professor of Chemistry and of Forensic Medicine at the London Hospital; Official Analyst to the Home Office; Medical Officer of Health for Islington; late Deputy Medical Officer of Health and Public Analyst for the City of London, &c. Royal 8vo. 21s.

ANATOMY FOR ARTISTS. By JOHN MARSHALL, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Professor of Anatomy, Royal Academy of Arts; late Lecturer on Anatomy at the Government School of Design, South Kensington; Professor of Surgery in University College. Illustrated by 220 Original Drawings on Wood by J. S. Cuthbert, engraved by George Nicholls & Co. Second Edition, Imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d. [Shortly.]

NEW NOVEL BY HOLME LEE.

At all the Libraries, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

LOVING AND SERVING. By HOLME LEE.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘MOLLY BAWN.’

At all the Libraries, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

ROSSMOYNE. By the Author of ‘Phyllis,’ ‘Molly Bawn,’ ‘Mrs. Geoffrey,’ &c.

‘*Monica Beresford is a very pretty example of Irish naïveté dissociated from shillelaghs; and there is true humour in the conception of Kit, her sister.*’—ACADEMY.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place,

MESSRS. LONGMANS' PUBLICATIONS.

LIBRARY EDITION.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA; or, Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century, 1547-1578. By the late Sir WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL, Bart. With numerous Illustrations engraved on Wood, including Portraits, Drawings of Shipping, Pieces of Armour, Weapons of War, Costumes, &c. from Authentic Contemporary Sources. 2 vols. royal 8vo. price 42s.

THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER. By JULIUS KOESTLIN. Translated from the German. With 4 Facsimiles in Lithography and about 90 Illustrations engraved on Wood from Authentic Sources. Large crown 8vo. 16s.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS THE MESSIAH. By the Rev. ALFRED EDERSHEIM, D.D. Warburtonian Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn. 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.

THE STORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH DURING ITS FIRST THREE HUNDRED YEARS. By Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart., LL.D. D.C.L. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations, price 36s.

SCRAPS; or, Scenes, Tales, and Anecdotes from Memories of My Earlier Days. By Lord SALTOUS. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.

FIVE GREAT PAINTERS: Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Albert Dürer. By Lady EASTLAKE. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE FIRST TO THE OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, LL.D. Cabinet Edition. In course of publication, to be completed in 10 vols. price 6s. each. [Vols. I.-VI. now ready.]

A POPULAR INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE, designed to Promote the Knowledge and appreciation of the Remains of Ancient Art. By WALTER C. PERRY. With 268 Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, SPAIN AND SCOTLAND. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Cabinet Edition. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 24s.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA. Cabinet Edition, 12 vols. crown 8vo. £3. 12s. Popular Edition, 12 vols. crown 8vo. £2. 2s.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS, 4 vols. crown 8vo. 24s.

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.

CAESAR: a Sketch. With Portrait and Map. 8vo. 16s.

BY W. E. HARTPOLE LECKY.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. 4 vols. 8vo. 1700-1784. Price £3 12s.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS from Augustus to Charlemagne. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF RATIONALISM IN EUROPE. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

LEADERS OF PUBLIC OPINION IN IRELAND. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS.

AUT CAESAR AUT NIHIL: a Novel. By the COUNTESS VON BOTHMER, Author of 'German Home Life.' 3 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

WHOM NATURE LEADETH: a Novel. By G. NOEL HATTON. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

Richard Bentley & Son's

NEW WORKS.

BY MADAME CAMPAN.
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIE

ANTOINETTE, Queen of France and Navarre. With Sketches and Anecdotes of the Courts of Louis XIV., XV. and XVI. By JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE CAMPAN, First Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. An entirely New and Revised Edition, with Additional Notes. In 2 vols. demy 8vo. Embellished with 16 fine Illustrations on Steel. 30s.

BY LADY JACKSON.
THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE. By CATHERINE CHARLOTTE, LADY JACKSON, Author of 'French Court and Society.' In 2 vols. large crown 8vo. With Portraits. 24s.

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.
THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD, and other Essays upon Social Subjects. By ELIZA LYNN LINTON, Author of 'Patricia Kemball,' &c. In 2 vols. demy 8vo. 24s.

'Wide knowledge of human nature, keen common-sense, excellent literary style.'—WORLD.

BY A. E. T. WATSON.
RACECOURSE AND COVERT-SIDE.

By ALFRED E. T. WATSON. In demy 8vo. With Illustrations by JOHN STURGEON. 15s.

BY CAPTAIN CLAUDE CONDER.
HETH AND MOAB. A Narrative of Exploration in Syria. By CAPTAIN CLAUDE REGNIER CONDER, R.E. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. With four Illustrations. 14s.

'Captain Conder's new book will interest alike the antiquarian, the theologian, the traveller, in fact all educated men and women.'—SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT.

BY C. PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.
SAVAGE SVANETIA; or, Travels in

the Heart of the Caucasus. By CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY, F.R.G.S. Author of 'Sport in the Crimea,' &c. In 2 vols. crown 8vo. With 14 Illustrations engraved by GEORGE PARSON. 21s.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DARTMOOR DAYS.'
A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV.

JOHN RUSSELL, of Tordown, North Devon. By the Author of 'Wolf-Hunting in Brittany,' &c. A New and Revised Edition, brought down to date. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. With a Portrait. 6s.

BY C. W. WOOD.
THE CRUISE OF THE RESERVE

SQUADRON. By CHARLES W. WOOD, Author of 'Through Holland,' &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. With over 60 Illustrations. 6s.

BY CAPTAIN BULLOCH.
THE SECRET SERVICE OF THE

CONFEDERATE STATES IN EUROPE. By JAMES D. BULLOCH, late Naval Representative of the Confederate States Government in this country. In 2 vols. demy 8vo. 21s.

BY MISS MITFORD.
RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY

LIFE. With Selections from her Favourite Poets and Prose Writers. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. A New Edition. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. With Portrait. 6s.

'Few would anticipate the boundless stores of anecdote presented us in this varied and interesting volume.' GLOBE.

POPULAR NEW NOVELS

AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S THE EXECUTOR. 3 vols.

RHODA BROUGHTON'S BELINDA. 3 vols.

'In "Belinda," with plentiful touches of the writer's characteristic brilliancy and sudden pathos, with much pictorial beauty and occasional charming gusts of fresh feeling for the loveliness and loftiness of nature, are passages quite unlike the set descriptions in which most writers convey what they take to be local colour.'—SPECTATOR.

EPHRAIM. From the German of NIEMANN, by Mrs. TYRRELL. 3 vols.

HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD'S
ABIGEL ROWE: A Chronicle of the Regency. 3 vols.

'The whole question is discussed by Mr. Wingfield, or, rather, by the personages of Mr. Wingfield's novel, from every possible point of view—moral, prudential, and political—and "honest George" is made the centre of a very interesting group, or cluster of groups, where may be found the Duke of Wellington, Tom Cribb, Beau Brummell, the Hetman Platoff, Sheridan, Lord Alvanley, Prince Blucher, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and all the most remarkable people of the time.'

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.
JOYCE DARRELL'S WINIFRED
POWER. 3 vols.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, New Burlington Street,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

**SPECIALITIES
FOR ALL**

**Sold by the principal Druggists at
Home and Abroad.**

**THE YEAR
ROUND.**

**JACKSON'S
INCENSE
SPILLS.**

A Neat and Antiseptic fashion of perfuming a House; one of those rare cases of Ancient Custom and Modern Science being in accord.—When Smouldering, these Spills yield a fragrance which diffuses itself throughout a room, charging the atmosphere with sweet odours.

**At 6d., by
Inland Post 7d.**

**JACKSON'S
RUSMA,**

FOR REMOVAL OF HAIR, without the use of the Razor, from the Arms, Neck, or Face, as well as Sunburn or Tan from the Skin. The activity of this DEPILATORY is notable; it works without pain, it leaves a whole skin and a clean complexion.

**At 1s.
by Inland
Post 1s. 2d.**

**JACKSON'S
BENZINE
RECT.**

For taking out Grease, Oil, Paint, &c., from all Absorbent Fabrics, Dress or Drapery; Furs, Gloves, Slippers, Books, and Manuscripts, it cleans with equal success. It may be freely used to wash Gilt surfaces to which water is destructive. It is a handy and effective insecticide.

**At 6d., 1s.,
and 2s. 6d.
Parcels Post,
3d. extra.**

**H.R.H.
Prince Albert's
Cachoux.**

Dainty morsels
in the form of tiny silver
Bullets, which dissolve in the
mouth, and surrender to the Breath
their hidden fragrance.
The little caskets containing the
Cachoux bear a fine medallion of the
late Prince Consort.
They are also furnished with the
"Albert Gate Latch" (Registered),
being Thomas Jackson's con-
trivance for paying out the
Cachoux singly.

**At
SIXPENCE,
by Post
7d.**

**JACKSON'S
CHINESE DIAMOND
CEMENT,**

For Mending every Article of Ornament or Furniture, China, Glass, Earthenware, and what not.

T. J., in making this Cement, has constantly kept in view the production of an article fit for general household purposes, easy to use, and which would, with average care, repair damages so that the mended articles should be able to do duty alongside the sound ones, and bear the wear and tear of the set. He has aimed to make a Cement of stable composition, neither apt to decay nor to lose its good qualities, although carried to the Antipodes or kept untouched for years; and also to put it up in such fashion as to reduce the risk of disappointment to the breaking of the bottle or drying up of the contents.

**AT
6d. and 1s.,
by Inland Post
14 Pence.**

**JACKSON'S
FRENCH
LIQUID GLUE.**

THE ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT CEMENT.

Clear as Crystal. Ready for use. Free from unpleasant smell, and proper for whatever Glue is fit for—from a doll's nose to a table's leg.

**AT
6d. and 1s.
3d. extra by
Parcels Post.**

1883.

**FROM THE LABORATORY OF
THOMAS JACKSON,**

Strangeways, MANCHESTER.

1884.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. By R. LOUIS STEVENSON. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

THE CANON'S WARD: a Novel. By JAMES PAYN, Author of 'By Proxy.' 3 vols. crown 8vo.

BEATRIX RANDOLPH: a Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE 2 vols.

WISDOM, WIT, AND PATHOS. Selected from the Works of OUIDA, by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo. cloth extra, 5s.

A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1841-1870. With a new Bibliography, revised and enlarged. Edited and Prefaced by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

THE BOOK OF THE SWORD: being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By RICHARD F. BURTON. With numerous Illustrations. Large 4to. cloth extra, 22s.

BELGRAVIA. One Shilling Monthly. The JANUARY NUMBER contains instalments of two new Serial Stories: 'THE LOVER'S CREED,' by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY, illustrated by P. MACNAB; and 'THE WEARING OF THE GREEN,' by the author of 'Love the Debt.' Mr. WILKIE COLLINS also contributes a complete Story, entitled, 'SHE LOVES AND LIES'; and there are in addition several short stories and articles.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. (Founded in 1731.)

'Ample entertainment for the immense circle of readers it deserves to find, and always will find.'—TIMES.
A new Serial Story, entitled 'Philitia,' by CECIL POWER, is begun in the January number.

HOW THE POOR LIVE. By GEORGE R. SIMS. With Sixty Illustrations by FREDERICK BARNARD. Price 1s.

FRESCOES: Dramatic Sketches by OUIDA. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

BIMBI. By OUIDA (Uniform Edition of Ouida's Works.) Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 5s.

BEYOND THE GATES. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of 'The Gates Ajar.' Post 8vo. cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Complete in 1 vol. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

NIGHTS AT THE PLAY: a View of the English Stage. By DUTTON COOK. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

THE LOWELL BIRTHDAY BOOK. Small 8vo. cloth gilt, 4s. 6d.

THE STARRY HEAVENS: a Poetical Birthday Book. Square 8vo. handsomely bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

BIRTHDAY FLOWERS: their Language and Legends. By W. J. GORDON. Illustrated in Fourteen Colours by VIOLA BOUGHTON. In Illuminated Covr. crown 4to. 6s.

PLAY-TIME: Sayings and Doings of Babylon. By EDWARD STANFORD. Large 4to. handsomely printed in Colours in the highest style of Art, 5s.

A POET'S SKETCH-BOOK: Selections from the Prose Writings of ROBERT BUCHANAN. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

ROUND THE GALLEY-FIRE. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of 'The Wreck of the "Grosvenor."' Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

CROWNS AND CORONATIONS: a History of Regalia in all Times and Countries. By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A., Author of 'Finger-ring Lore.' With nearly 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

IN THE HEBRIDES. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of 'At Home in Fiji.' With Autotype Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. cloth extra, 8s. 6d.

HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By JOHN ASHTON. With nearly 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: a beautiful Reproduction of Major's Edition. With 37 Woodcuts and Two Steel Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, choicely printed. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, primrose edges, 7s. 6d.

THE MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS; with Memoirs—Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—Illustrative of the Literature of the Former Half of the Present Century. By WILLIAM BATES, B.A. With 85 Portraits printed on an India Tint. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By HENRI VAN LAUN. New and Cheaper Edition. 3 vols. demy 8vo. cloth boards, 7s. 6d. each.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE NEW YEAR.—NOTICE.

Hundreds, and in some instances, Thousands of Copies of the Leading Books of every Season for the past Thirty Years have been placed in circulation at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

The number of New Works taken during the past Twelve Months is larger than that of any previous year since the commencement of the Library in 1842.

Fresh Copies of all New Books of more than average interest continue to be added as the demand increases, and arrangements have again been made with the leading Publishers for an ample supply of all the Principal Forthcoming Books as they appear.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM,

OR

TWO GUINEAS PER ANNUM

FOR THE FREE DELIVERY OF BOOKS IN EVERY PART OF LONDON.

BOOK SOCIETIES SUPPLIED ON LIBERAL TERMS.

Prospectuses, Postage Free, on application.

All the Best Books in Circulation at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY may also be obtained with the least possible delay by all Subscribers to

MUDIE'S LIBRARY, BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER,

And (by order) from all Booksellers in connection with the Library.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY (Limited),
30 to 34 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICES:

281 REGENT STREET, and 2 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.



FREEMAN'S CHLORODYNE,

The Original and only True.

It is allowed to be the greatest discovery of the present century, and is largely employed by the most eminent Medical Men in hospital and private practice in all parts of the globe.



It is the best remedy known for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, and ASTHMA.

It effectually checks those too-often fatal diseases—FEVER, AGUE, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, and DIABETES. It acts like a charm in DIARRHOEA, and is the only specific in CHOLERA and DYSENTERY.

It effectually cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, Hysteria, PALPITATION, CONVULSIONS, and SPASMS.

It is the only palliative in NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, TIC DOLOREUX, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, and all NERVE PAIN.

It rapidly relieves pain from whatever cause; allays the irritation of fever; soothes and strengthens the system under exhausting diseases; produces quiet and refreshing sleep, and marvellously prolongs life.

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

From JOHN TANNER, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., F.L.S., LL.D., Physician to the Farrington Dispensary, Physician to the Reverend C. H. Spurgeon's Metropolitan College, &c.
102 HARLEY STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE, W.

'It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony in favour of FREEMAN'S Chlorodyne. I have proscribed it extensively. In cases of Asthma, Chronic-Bronchitis, the last stages of Phthisis, and the Winter Cough of the aged, I have never found any substitute or chemical combination its equal; moreover, in all cases where a Sedative is required, it is a certain, safe, and agreeable remedy.'

'THE TIMES,' August 13, 1877.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—OKOUM, July 15, 1877.

The want of sanitary arrangements in the Russian Camp was dreadful, and had we remained there a few weeks longer, dysentery and typhoid fever would have played more havoc in our ranks than the bombs of the Turks. I myself acquired an unenviable reputation as a doctor, owing to my being provided with a small bottle of CHLORODYNE, with which I effected miraculous cures.

IMPORTANT CAUTION!—Four Chancery Suits terminated in favour of FREEMAN'S ORIGINAL CHLORODYNE, and against J. Collie Browne and J. T. Davenport. Lord Chancellor Selborne, Lord Justice James, and Lord Justice Mellish condemned their proceedings, and ordered them to pay all costs of the suits.—Reported in the Times and other Newspapers, April 29 and July 24, 1878.

Manufactured by the Sole Inventor, RICHARD FREEMAN, Pharmacist, 70 Kennington Park Road, London, S.E. Sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers in all parts of the world, in Bottles, 1s. 1½d.; 2 ozs., 2s. 9d.; 4 ozs., 4s. 6d.; ½-pint, 11s.; and pint, 20s. each.

Purchasers are cautioned not to have palmed upon them any substitute. There are other articles bearing the name of Chlorodyne, but quite devoid of its wonderful effects. See that the Trade Mark, 'The Elephant,' is on the wrapper, &c., and that the words Freeman's Original Chlorodyne are engraved on the Government Stamp, which is the only true Chlorodyne.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.

The GREAT REMEDY for GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

These Pills require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

GOOD for the cure of WIND on the STOMACH.

GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION.

GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE.

GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN.

GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS.

GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT.

GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

They are sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each; or, should any difficulty occur, enclose 14, 33, or 54 stamps, according to size, to PAGE D. WOODCOCK, High Street, Lincoln, and they will be sent free by return of post.

'FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE'

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address for 30 or 182 stamps, by THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

CHAS. CHURCHILL & CO. Importers of American Tools & Machinery, 21 CROSS STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

Messrs. C. CHURCHILL & CO. are the introducers of all the best American Tools and Machines suitable for Amateurs, including 13 varieties of Fret Sawing Machines, over 800 Fret Designs, 13 varieties of prepared Fret Woods, Amateur Lathes, Chucks, Drills, Vices, Braces, Boring Bits, Planes, &c.

'HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES.'

A new Book for Ladies, Hundreds of Illustrations, with Hints how to Ornament their Houses cheaply and tastefully, 300 pp. 8vo. Post free, 6s. 6d.

AMATEUR CATALOGUE, 215 pp. (Photolitho), with 500 Illustrations, sent on receipt of 6d.



Include in your next Grocery Order to the Stores.

CO-OPERATIVE TRADING.

FURNITURE RUBBERS (PATENT).—These Rubbers, or Improved Patent Dusters, on account of their extreme softness, are unrivalled for ensuring and maintaining a high polish on all descriptions of Polished Furniture, &c. They are also used as ordinary Dusters, and will be found as economical and far more effective, in that they absorb and retain the dust more readily, and, owing to their peculiar softness, are specially adapted for use on carved woodwork and irregular surfaces. Retail at 9s. 6d. Sold by the Stores (Grocery Department), and most Co-operative Traders, at 5s. 9d. per dozen.

BRASS POLISHING LIQUID.—We strongly recommend a trial of Imperial Brass Polishing Liquid, with Prepared Polishing Cloth. It is most excellent for Brass Ornaments, Ormolu, Dish Covers, and all descriptions of Tin Ware, &c. Retail at 1s. 6d. Sold by the Stores (Grocery Department), and by all Co-operative Traders, at 10s.

SILVER POLISHING CREAM, with Prepared Plate Cloth (same price). Without puff or exaggeration, this is a most valuable preparation. It produces a most rapid and brilliant polish on any Silver or Plated Article. It is cleanly in use, economical, and the labour it saves is very great.

Sole Proprietors—THE IMPERIAL LINEN CO., 42 Wilson St., Finsbury Sq., London.

PARTRIDGE & COOPER.

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

192, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

XMAS PRESENTS.

NOTE PAPER & ENVELOPES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

25. Per Cent. Discount Off.

ALL DIARIES FOR CASH.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Has been thoroughly tested in many of the worst cases, and was pronounced by the late Earl of Beaconsfield, in whose case it was employed under the highest medical supervision, to have given him the 'only real relief' he had during his last illness. Of all Chemists. 4s. per box, or direct for 4s. 3d. from the undersigned.

F. NEWBERY & SONS,
BRITISH DEPOT: 1 KING EDWARD STREET,
NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
(125 years in St. Paul's Churchyard.)

'ST. JACOB'S OIL!'

Is the most valuable **HOUSEHOLD
REMEDY** for the Relief and Cure of
PAIN by external treatment.

Per Bottle 2/6; Post free 2/9 of Chemists.

BRITISH DEPOT,

F. NEWBERY & SONS,
(Established 1746.)

1 King Edward Street, Newgate Street,
LONDON.

HAY-FEVER AND COLDS

Cured by Dr. DUNBAR'S

ALKARAM

SMELLING BOTTLE,

TWO SHILLINGS AND NINEPENCE EACH,

Which, if inhaled on the first symptoms, will at once remove them, and even when a cold has been neglected and become severe, it will give immediate relief, and generally cure in one day.

To open the bottle dip the stopper into very hot water and rub off the isinglass.

Address Dr. DUNBAR, care of F. NEWBERY & SONS,
1 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

JENNY LIND. — 'I have much pleasure in confirming, as far as my experience extends, the testimony already so general in favour of the Lozenges prepared by you.'



DOUGHTY'S VOICE LOZENGES

Are sold by all Chemists, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 11s.; or Post Free, 7d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 5s. 4d., and 11s. 6d.

F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1 King Edward Street,
Newgate Street, London. Established A.D. 1746.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE.

An entirely new, enlarged, and completely revised edition of

THE CROWN POSTAGE STAMP ALBUM

is now ready. No pains have been spared to make this the best and most reliable stamp album ever published the price. No. 1, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.; No. 2, extra gilt, bevelled boards, &c., 3s. 6d.; No. 3, on thick paper, printed one side only, half-morocco, cloth sides, extra gilt, gilt edges, 8s.; No. 4, same binding as No. 3, with clasp, 9s.; all post free.

THE UNIVERSAL POSTAGE STAMP ALBUMS,

21st Edition. 7s. 6d., 9s., 10s., 13s. 9d., 22s. 6d., and 25s. New Supplement to ditto, now ready, brought up to 1883, price 2s.

New Illustrated Descriptive Price List of Postage Stamps, Stamp Albums, Relief Scraps, Transfer Pictures, &c. &c., gratis and post free. Selections of stamps sent on approval.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

WHITFIELD, KING, & CO., Lacey Street, Ipswich.

KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.

Nearly all children suffer from Worms: if this cause of ill-health is suspected do not wait, you can with ease cure the child: this remedy is sure to cure, safe to use (has no effect except on Worms) easy to take (it is like a sweetmeat). Sold by all Chemists. Tins, 13½d. each. Post free, 15 stamps, From KEATING, Chemist, St. Paul's, London.

TO GET RID OF

BLACKBEETLES

Use the Certain Destroyer—

KEATING'S

POWDER.

Sold everywhere in 6d. and 1s. Tins, or free from T. KEATING, Chemist, LONDON, 7 & 14 stamps.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Absolutely the best known remedy ever made for

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

Strongly recommended by the most eminent Doctors.

TINS ONLY, 1/1½ and 2/9.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

Is the safest and best. In a few days it gradually dispenses grey or white hair to a perfectly natural shade. Recommended for destroying scurf and encouraging growth of new hair. Lockyer's surpasses the effect of costly washes. 1s. 6d. Sold everywhere.

TARAXACUM AND PODOPHYLLIN.

This fluid, extracted from medicinal roots, is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, generally pain between the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite, furred tongue, disagreeable taste in the morning, giddiness, disturbance of the stomach, and feeling of depression. It sets the sluggish liver in motion, very slightly acts on the bowels, giving a sense of health and comfort speedily. Taraxacum and Podophyllin is a fluid made only by J. PEPPER, London. No other is genuine. Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC

The best strength-giving medicine. Sold everywhere. Insist upon having it.

'SULPHOLINE LOTION.'

An external CURE for SKIN DISEASES. There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to 'Sulpholine' in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old skin disorders, however deeply rooted, 'Sulpholine' successfully attacks. It destroys the animalcula which cause these unsightly, irritable affections, and produces a clear, healthy skin. 'Sulpholine' Lotion is sold by Chemists. Bottles, 8s. 9d.

WRIGHT'S

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY DISINFECTING SOAP.

Never wash without it and thus ensure protection from infectious disease.

'In our hands it has proved most effective in Skin Diseases.'—*Lancet*.

For Toilet, Bathroom, and Nursery. In purchasing demand Wright's and see that tablet is branded 'SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENS.'

'The only true Antiseptic Soap.'—*Brit. Medical Journal*.

Recommended by the entire Medical Faculty.

COAL TAR

USED BY THE PUBLIC FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

PROPRIETORS:
W. Y. WRIGHT & Co.,
SOUTHWARK,
LONDON.

To be had of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Medicine Vendors, &c., throughout the civilised world.

Tablets, 6d. and 1s.

Unrivalled for the Complexion for it cleanses the Skin, removes all impurities and ensures its healthy action.

SOAP.

AT HOME

LIFE ASSURANCE



AND ABROAD.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

*Family Provision and Investment.
Self-Endowment for Old Age.
Protection to Partners or Creditors.*

ACCUMULATED FUNDS .	<u>£6,000,000</u>
ANNUAL REVENUE .	<u>£830,000</u>

EDINBURGH: 3 & 5 GEORGE STREET (Head Office).

LONDON: 83 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C., & 3 PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

DUBLIN: 66 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

AGENCIES IN INDIA AND THE BRITISH COLONIES.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

LIBERAL TERMS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE STANDARD POLICY.

FREE ASSURANCE.

Persons not less than 25 years of age, who, when proposing for Assurance, satisfy the Directors that they have no intention or prospect of proceeding abroad, from their occupation and other circumstances, are charged the ordinary Home Premium, and may afterwards *proceed to and reside in any part of the world without extra Premium.*

REVIVAL OF POLICIES.

POLICIES OF FIVE YEARS' DURATION, effected for the whole term of Life at a uniform rate of premium, may, with certain exceptions, be renewed within thirteen months of date of lapsing, on payment of a fine; and in the event of death, the claims will be paid subject to a deduction of Premiums unpaid and Fines. POLICIES OF LESS THAN FIVE YEARS' DURATION may be renewed within thirteen months, on very favourable terms.

POLICIES UNCHALLENGEABLE.

POLICIES ARE UNCHALLENGEABLE AFTER FIVE YEARS' DURATION, on any ground connected with the original documents, if age has been proved.

PAYMENT OF CLAIMS.

CLAIMS are payable THREE MONTHS AFTER PROOF OF DEATH on all Policies now being issued.

SURRENDER VALUES.

SURRENDER VALUES of fixed amount, or fully Paid-up Policies in exchange, after payment of ONE ANNUAL PREMIUM on "With Profit" Policies, or THREE ANNUAL PREMIUMS on Policies "Without Profits."

RATES OF PREMIUM.

THE RATES OF PREMIUM for home and foreign residence are moderate and consistent with the risk. The limits of free residence have been considerably extended, and are now very comprehensive.

LOANS.

LOANS granted on Policies within their Surrender Value.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.



Effervescing and Tasteless; forming a most Invigorating, Vitalising, and Refreshing Beverage.

Gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LASHITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; and prevents and quickly relieves or cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, JUNGLE, and other FEVERS, PHOXY HEAT, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, ERUPTIONS or SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the Blood.

DR. TURLEY:—"I found it act as a specific, in my experience and family, in the worst form of Scarlet Fever, no other medicine being required."

DR. SPARKS (Government Medical Inspector of Emigrants from the Port of London) writes:—"I have great pleasure in bearing my cordial testimony to its efficacy in the treatment of many of the ordinary and chronic forms of Gastric Complaints, and other forms of Febrile Dyspepsia."

DR. J. W. DOWSING:—"I used it in the treatment of forty-two cases of Yellow Fever and I am happy to state never lost a single case."

In Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

May be obtained of any Chemist, or Patent Medicine Vendor, or of

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113 HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE GREAT NERVE TONIC.

BUNTER'S HERVINE is one of the best NERVE TONICS ever discovered. It gives strength to the nervous system, and invigorates the entire frame, affording relief and effecting cure in many complaints over which the nerves exert control.

CURES NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, INDIGESTION, LOSS OF APPETITE, COUGHS, COLDS, &c.

It is also the best-known remedy for TOOTH-ACHE.—See Medical Testimonials.

From E. SMITH, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston:—"I have tried Bunter's Nerve in many cases, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained. I strongly recommend it to the public."

From J. HOUNSELL, Esq., Surgeon:—"Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. I therefore recommend its use to the profession and the public."

Of all Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa, or Chocolate Powder.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

The FACULTY pronounce it 'the most nutritious, perfectly digestible Beverage for BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER, and invaluable for Invalids, and Young Children.'

Being without sugar, spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps for years in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocoa thickened yet weakened with arrowroot, starch, &c., and in reality cheaper than such mixtures.

Made instantaneously with boiling water, a Teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than one halfpenny.

COCOATINA possesses remarkable sustaining properties, and is specially adapted for early Breakfasts.

In Air-tight Tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.

The Best Substitute for Brandy. Invaluable for Pains in the Stomach.

An excellent Preventive to Cold.

Can be used with either hot, cold, or iced water.

'It cannot fail to recommend itself both to the medical profession and the public generally, after a single trial.'—C. HATHAWAY, Esq., M.D., Bath.

Pints, 1/9 (sufficient for twenty tumbler); Half-Pints, 1/-

IMPORTANT.—Two Pints, carriage paid to any address, for 4/-; Six Pints, 10/6; Twelve Pints, 20/-

Sole Manufacturer, W. BECKETT, Heywood, Manchester. London Depot, 95 Farringdon Street, E.C.

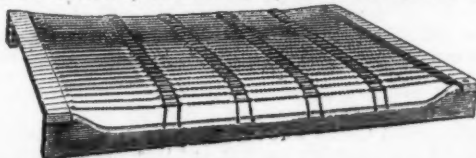
The 'EXCELSIOR' PATENT SPRING MATTRESS.

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY, THE NOBILITY, AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

AWARDS.

TEN PRIZE

MEDALS.



AWARDS.

THIRTEEN
CERTIFICATES
OF MERIT.

MATTRESS on polished pitch-pine frame. Made any size to fit Wood, Brass, or Iron Bedsteads.
The 'Excelsior' Invalid Chair. | The 'Excelsior' Invalid Couch. | The 'Excelsior' Bed-Rest.
The 'Excelsior' Invalid Bed. | The 'Excelsior' Hospital Beds.
Illustrated Descriptive Circulars & Price Lists from **CHORLTON & DUGDALE, Manchester.**

B BRAND & CO'S
PRESERVED PROVISIONS
SOUPS &
SPECIALTIES FOR INVALIDS
ESSENCES OF BEEF,
MUTTON, VEAL & CHICKEN,
BEEF TEA, TURTLE SOUP & JELLY,
MEAT LOZENGES &c.

SOLE ADDRESS
 No. 11, LITTLE STANHOPE ST., MANCHESTER.

PERFECTION!

A PERFECT
MARKING INK
 WITHOUT HEAT.
 No Trouble.

WALTON'S
'FLORA NIGRA'

Claims to be the only successful preparation possessing the above advantages for Writing, Etching, or Drawing on Linen, Calico, &c. It can be used with any clean stamp or steel pen, and cannot be removed without destroying the fabric.

*. Invaluable to Hotels and Laundries, price 1s., 2s. 6d., to 21s. Post free for 13 stamps. Sold by Chemists and Stationers, &c.

CHILBLAINS! CHAPPED HANDS! CRACKED LIPS!
PURITY!

WALTON'S
KALODERMA

Has superseded everything yet introduced for Whiting, Softening, Healing, and Beautifying the Complexion, and Protecting the Skin from the ill effects of sudden changes of the weather. It is invaluable

THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION.

for Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Cracked Lips, Roughness, Yuppies, Redness, Blisters, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scoury, and other unsightly disfigurements (natural or accidental) on the face, neck, arms, and hands. Its cooling and refreshing qualities will be found a great luxury after the promenade or drive. Price 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., &c. Post free 33 stamps.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

SIMPLICITY!

ELECTRO-PLATING AND GILDING AT HOME.

WALTON'S
ARGENTINE

Will Re-silver all kinds of Plated Goods on Copper, Brass, Nickel Silver, &c., such as Reflectors, Lamps, Harness, Urn Taps, Trinkets, &c. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., &c. Post free for 21 stamps. Also

WALTON'S AURINE,
 A Solution of Gold for Re-gilding cheap Jewellery, Silver, &c., equal to solid Gold. When ladies wish to change Silver Trinkets into Gold, this will be found most convenient. Price 2s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. Post free for 33 stamps. Sold by Silversmiths, Chemists, and Ironmongers.

Proprietor, T. WALTON, Haverstock Hill, London, and 3 Upper Hill St., Richmond.

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES and INITIAL LETTERS, for
 MARKING LINEN, SOCKS, &c. OF ALL DRAPERS and HOSIERS.

CASH'S CAMBRIC FRILLING; very suitable for
 Trimming Ladies' and Children's Underclothing, the specialité of which is the drawing cord woven into the Cambric. Made in Plain and Fancy Edges. OF ALL DRAPERS and HOSIERS.

CASH'S EMBROIDERED FRILLINGS are Embroidered
 in various Colours and Designs, producing a very pretty and novel effect on the dresses of Ladies and Young Children. OF ALL DRAPERS and HOSIERS.

CASH'S ROUGH BATH TOWEL has quite a unique
 appearance, and each one bears their name (J. and J. CASH) on the fringe. OF ALL DRAPERS and HOSIERS.

CASH'S SPÉCIALITÉS are sold at all Hosiery and
 DRAPERY Establishments throughout the World. (J. & J. CASH, HERTFORD STREET COVENTRY.)

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

The properties of BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR are identical with those of arrowroot, and it is in every respect equal to the costliest qualities of that article.

The uses of arrowroot in the sick-room are not only matter of tradition, but of every-day experience, and there can be but few persons who are not acquainted with its uses as an important ally to medical treatment.

BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR claims to serve the same purposes, with at least equal acceptance and at considerably less cost, and therefore offers the facility of freer use to a larger public.

It has received from medical and scientific authorities the highest testimonials to its purity and serviceableness; it is largely used in Hydropathic and other Institutions throughout the Kingdom, and its export to all foreign parts has long given it a world-wide reputation.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1884.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
JACK'S COURTSHIP: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. By W. CLARK	
RUSSELL	225
Chapter VIII.—I take Lodgings.	
IX.—My Bristol Lodgings.	
X.—My Uncle damps my Hopes.	
THE DECAY OF THE BRITISH GHOST. By F. ANSTEY	251
LEFT OUT ON LONE STAR MOUNTAIN. By BRET HARTE	259
CONTRASTS. By MISS A. L. MARTIN	283
THE ANCESTRY OF BIRDS. By GRANT ALLEN	284
THE CLERKE'S TALE. By M. C. VACHELL	298
MADAM. Chapters I.-V. By MRS OLIPHANT	304
THE 'DONNA'	334

IRON WINE BINS.



CELLAR
AND DECANTING
APPLIANCES
OF ALL KINDS.

REGISTERED
**CHAMPAGNE
STAND**

For enabling Champagne
&c. to be drawn at pleasure. Useful for the Side-
board and Sick-room.

PATENT
BOTTLE CLIP
For Sparkling Wines and
Mineral Waters.

Illustrated
Price Lists free.

FARROW & JACKSON,

16 GREAT TOWER STREET, and 8 HAYMARKET, LONDON.

Ask for
Cadbury's
 Refreshing
 Genuine
 Economical
Cocoa

Makers to the Queen



REYNOLDS
GOUT SPECIFIC

**NEVER KNOWN
 TO FAIL.**

ONE TRIAL ALONE SUFFICES.

This wonderful Medicine has had an UNPARALLELED reputation for the past 70 years, and its enormous sale in all parts of the world has proved it to be the

**GREATEST RHEUMATIC
 REMEDY IN EXISTENCE.**

Its marvellous efficacy in cases of GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and all NEURALGIC COMPLAINTS is proved by the INNUMERABLE TESTIMONIALS continually reaching the Proprietor, and which accompany each bottle. Dr. BREWSTER (for many years one of the leading Physicians in Paris) writes: 'I have prescribed REYNOLDS'S GOUT SPECIFIC in all cases of Rheumatic complaints and found it an INFALLIBLE REMEDY. I have always recommended it, and consider it a safe and INVALUABLE MEDICINE.'

Sold in Bottles, 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d., by
 Messrs. BARCLAY & SONS, 25 Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and all Chemists throughout the World.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

**THE
 "Century" Cashmeres**

In Patent Fast Black and all the leading Colours are

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Prices from 9½d. to 5s. per yard.

The CENTURY DRESS FABRICS and

The CENTURY TWEEDS and SUITING-CLOTHS, for Ladies', Boys, and Gentlemen's wear, cannot be equalled.

The CENTURY BLANKETS from 4s. 10½d. to 50s. per pair.

The money saved by buying direct from the source of production will astonish every purchaser.

All Parcels over £1 Carriage Paid. PATTERNS FREE.

Write at once, and be sure and address in full,

**THE BRADFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
 BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.**

When writing please mention this Magazine.



**ROWLANDS'
 ODONTO**

is the best tooth powder; whitens the teeth and prevents decay; contains no acid or gritty substances. Avoid worthless imitations, and buy only Rowlands' Odonto. Can be sent by post by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20 Hatton Garden, London, on receipt of 2s. 11d. in Stamps.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1884.

Jack's Courtship :

A SAILOR'S TARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

I TAKE LODGINGS.

MY motive in walking into Bristol was not to inspect the docks and shipping, but to hire a lodging. I did not relish the errand. It was a blow to be obliged to give up my noble bedroom at my uncle's, and the comfortable and plentiful hospitality of his table, because old Hawke was a prig and a twopenny squatter, who wanted his daughter to marry a baronet's son, and would not suffer her to visit a family because I was their guest. I say I did not relish the errand. Nevertheless, it was a stern duty. It was out of the question that I could continue standing between the friendship of Miss Hawke and my cousins, that is, preventing them from meeting at one or the other's house. Nor could I be sure of my aunt's opinion on the subject. She was kind, she was amiable, but she valued her neighbours' opinion and liked society; and do you suppose that I could have gone comfortably to bed in her house, that I could have sat down to a meal in it, haunted as I must certainly have been by the misgiving that behind my back my aunt would be saying to her husband, 'Our nephew is a nice youth; but I cannot help thinking, dear, that he would have shown a gentlemanly spirit in leaving us when he knew that Florence was prohibited from calling whilst he stayed?' No; it was my duty to my relations to 'make tracks,' as Jack says, just as it was my duty to myself to look

out for lodgings in the neighbourhood. So, lighting a cigar, I swung out of the grounds into the highway and the blazing summer sun, and struck out for Bristol city.

The truth is, though I could very easily have found the accommodation I wanted in Clifton, I considered that it would be unwise to bring up in the immediate neighbourhood of old Hawke's mansion: it would have been a little *too* defiant. He was bound to hear that I had left my uncle and where I was living; and though Bristol, as everybody knows, is within an easy walk of Clifton, yet the sense of adjacency, and the consternation and anger it would arouse in him, were not likely to be so violent in the old chap if he heard I was lodging in Bristol as if he should be told, 'Jack Seymour, sir? Oh, he lives round the corner. You may see his diggings from your daughter's bedroom window, sir.'

And do you ask, my lads, what scheme I had—what policy? I am talking about old Hawke's consternation and anger as if I was afraid of him. Now I had no policy at all. I was a young fellow deeply in love, forced by a sense of honour, or courtesy, or whatever you please, to quit my uncle's roof, but constrained by my passion for Florence Hawke to dwell in the neighbourhood. Some dim hope of making her as much in love with me as I was with her, and of inducing her to elope, haunted me. A dim hope it was, vague and thin, yet it had a kind of lurking life in me too, and so I confess it. But policy! Heaven bless your hearts, I had none. Never was a courtship begun more aimlessly, never were chances heavier against a man. Had I had an occupation in London, all that I am writing would have been impossible. I should have had to return to my work, and there would have been an end of this sentimental spasm. But I had nothing to do; it was all the same whether I lived in London or Bristol. I was twenty-five, an age of immense resolutions and poetic fancies; I had two cousins who goaded me on; I had met with no particular hindrance in the young lady herself; above all, I was deeply, honestly, enthusiastically in love, with an absolute scorn of Hawke's gold, and with no other desire, as I call my conscience to witness, than the possession of my Australian beauty. And so, mates, you have in a few lines all the reasons I can offer for walking into Bristol to seek a lodging.

I found rooms better suited to my purse than my ambition in a little house not far from College Green, to which neighbourhood I had been directed, possibly, by the memory of the morning I had spent with Miss Hawke in the cathedral there. I had to choose with care as to the cost, for I had my London lodgings still on my hands, so that the two rents together might easily mount into the charge for a big house. The Bristol woman, who was a gardener's wife, named Mrs. Chump, a person with a severe

eye, dressed in black, agreed to let me have a sitting-room and bedroom together, with a plain breakfast, for fifteen shillings a week. This I agreed to pay, undertaking to shift for myself in my other meals; and it was settled that I should instal myself that evening.

As I stood looking about me in the little parlour—the furniture poor, though clean, a few prints of naval victories on the walls, a circular convex mirror reposing like a shield upon the mantel-piece, and causing the observer to recoil as he remarked the hideous caricature of himself in it—I could not help wondering whether I was not making a very great fool of myself in loitering in Bristol instead of returning to London. The poor bit of a room I gazed at set me thinking of the spacious and glittering chambers of Clifton Lodge. I imagined Miss Hawke passing along outside in her papa's fine carriage, and taking a peep at her admirer's lodgings, and thinking to herself, 'This is the sort of life he would bring me to were I to marry him.' Upon my honour, it wanted the spirit of a giant to sustain such a shock as that reflection gave me. The idea of her despising me because I had dared to fall in love with her on no sounder merits than an income incapable of yielding me better lodgings than these, was truly awful. And let me tell you, boys, that I was not the less devoted because I was capable of thinking that one good look at my apartments *might* make her despise me; for a man may be desperately in love with a girl, and yet possess so sensitive a disposition as never to doubt that it would take very little to cause her to turn up her nose at him and back away with a sneer. Perfect love, they say, casteth out fear, but I reckon you must first get your love perfect on both sides.

Anyway, such was the mood these lodgings flung me into, that I am very positive had any friend been at my elbow and asked me to consider what I was doing, I should have pulled my hat over my ears and slept that night in London town. But there was no friend at hand to usefully direct my passing mood; and being left to myself, why, before I had measured half the distance to my uncle's house, the feelings which had determined me to stick to the district were once more bubbling and poppling in full force in my foolish young heart, and I was swearing to myself that, come what might, so long as Florence Hawke gave me a fraction of encouragement to persevere and hope, I would never lose sight of her nor cease to believe that I might one day get her to share my future.

On my way to Clifton I turned into a confectioner's shop to get a mouthful to eat, and whilst I was munching a sandwich on top of a high stool, and glowering through the window, that was filled with bottles of candy, glass jellies, and such things, Miss Hawke and her sister drove past; they swept by rapidly, yet not

so fast but that I could notice how lovely Miss Florence looked in a brown hat with the starboard brim looped up. I hopped off my perch and, sandwich in hand, ran to the door to follow her with my eyes, but saw nothing but the back of her parasol, surmounted by the square large figure of the coachman as the carriage rolled downhill.

I proceeded on my way, my thoughts full of the beautiful girl, and asking myself all sorts of questions. Could she ever endure to surrender all the luxury her father was accustoming her to for a poor husband? Was there the least probability of my ever getting her to love me? And would her love be of such a kind as to induce her to act as one reads of girls behaving in story-books, and now and then in real life; as, for instance, when a nobleman's daughter sacrifices fortune, friends and family for a fiddler? or when Letitia declines a settlement and the brother of an earl for a missionary?

On reaching home and passing along the drive to the hall door, I caught sight of my uncle sitting at the open window of his library. He lounged in an American chair which hoisted his legs up; a newspaper was on his knee, and a long pipe in his hand. I caught a glimpse of my aunt behind him, a mere outline in the shadow, with a yellow-backed novel on her lap and her chin upon her bosom. She was dozing. And the right kind of afternoon it was for that diversion—an Indian heat in the soft breeze that kept the trees rustling; bees chorussing a sort of bass to the clear treble of the birds; a rich soothing smell of hay mingled with the scents of the flowers—just one of those days indeed when the noble form of the tramp may be seen extended at full length in the wayside dry-ditch, with a clout over his face to keep off the wasps, and a wisp under each knee to save the heels of his breeches—a day in which a man who despises ants' nests and defies sunstroke would select for a snooze in the middle of a field of tall grass.

'Hillo, Jack!' sung out my uncle, spying me, 'where have ye been, my lad? Sophie said something about your going to view the docks, and that we were not to expect you to lunch.'

His shout awoke my aunt. I stepped into the room through the window, glad to rest myself; for a man's legs should be made of cork not to feel like a bundle of knots after the ascent of those Clifton hills in the dog-days.

'I have been into Bristol,' said I, 'but not to look at the docks. Where's Sophie, aunt?'

'She and Amelia have gone to pay some visits, I believe,' answered my aunt.

'Not to the Hawkes, Jack,' said my uncle, grinning. 'I suppose you know what's happened?'

'Yes; I was with Sophie when Miss Hawke called.'

'She's an honest lass,' said my uncle, 'to come with the news plump—not to delay, but to be here with it first thing in the morning, so that there might be no mistake so far as she and we are concerned. I am sorry you drove her away. I should like to have had a word with her.'

'I don't know that I drove her away, uncle,' said I, much confused. My cousin, of course, had told all.

'I say, Sophia,' called out my uncle, 'what d'ye think of this generation? What's your calculation concerning these times? Fancy youngsters, not only *falling* in love, but *making* love—actually whipping out with their sentiments after two or three meetings with the girls. Don't it beat cock-fighting? What would *our* papas and mammas have thought of such energy? I put it all down to George Stephenson. Had he left the stage-coach alone, we'd have been going along at the old decorous rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and a long lounge between whiles at the hostleries. Nowadays the world's in tow of the locomotive; and we make love, we make money, we are born, we live and we die with our steam-gauges indicating a steam pressure one remove from bursting point.'

'You see what I feared has taken place, Mr. Jack,' said my aunt, putting a mark in her book and closing it. 'Mr. Hawke has taken offence; and, though no doubt we shall remain on bowing terms with Florence and Emily, our visiting must be considered at an end.'

'Well, if I meet Hawke I'll shake hands with him; but he'll never get me across his threshold again,' exclaimed my uncle. 'The old coxcomb! think of him prohibiting his daughter from visiting us. I wish I had him at sea, I'd work his old iron up.'

'I cannot blame him,' said my aunt. 'It is exceedingly mortifying so far as *we* are concerned, because we are really quite innocent of any intention to mortify him. But if you will put yourself in his place, Mr. Jack, and imagine yourself anxious that your daughter should marry the man of your own choosing, and then conceive you were told that during your absence she had been frequently in the company of a young stranger who did not disguise that he was in love with her, I am sure you would wish to terminate the intimacy by desiring her not to call upon the family whilst the young man continues in their house as a guest.'

'I quite agree with you,' said I. 'I do not blame Mr. Hawke.'

'Mind! I do not *excuse* his views of marriage,' she continued. 'I consider his anxiety to marry his child to a man she does not like odious. I am only trying to justify his behaviour so far as we, or rather so far as *you*, are concerned, mortifying as it is to us.'

'I was going to ask him to dinner,' said my uncle, laughing.

'D'ye remember my saying that he wouldn't come? He's done more—he's gone leagues ahead of my prophecy! Oh, he's an old fool!' and he smoked his pipe vehemently.

'I am extremely vexed,' said I, addressing my aunt, 'that I should have been the means of subjecting you to this annoyance.'

'It's no annoyance,' called out my uncle. 'The girls liked Florence, and she's still their friend. There's nothing to bother over.'

'It is perfectly true,' I continued, 'that I am in love with Miss Hawke. It would be ridiculous in me to attempt to conceal what you can all see. But Mr. Hawke must surely have a great deal of the Turk as well as the prig in his nature to forbid her, so to speak, to unveil her face to any man but the person he wants her to marry. If she can endure discipline of that kind, she has not the spirit I want to believe she has.'

'Just my opinion, Jack—what I said when Sophie gave us the news,' said my uncle.

'He was annoyed by the marked attention you paid Florence last night,' said my aunt.

'Yes; and by her liking it,' observed my uncle.

'If,' said my aunt, 'your manner, Mr. Jack, had not been so pronounced—if my husband had not, as I *must* say, rather foolishly yielded Miss Hawke to you by pretending to mistake the daughter he was asked to give his arm to, there would have been no grounds for Mr. Hawke's suspicions, and he would not have said anything to Florence about her visits here. It is ridiculous to imagine he would act in this manner to all young men and the families they might be staying with. But unfortunately he had only to combine my husband's *deliberate* mistake with your behaviour to his daughter, to suspect even more than was intended. I mean he would believe your uncle was playing into your hands, and had asked you down in the hope of your securing Florence as a wife.'

'A good job, too!' said my uncle. 'I respect loyalty in relations, and heartily hope that's his notion. Why shouldn't I find my brother Tom's son a pretty heiress for a helpmate? Isn't he good enough for Florence Hawke?'

'That's not the point, Charles,' replied my aunt.

'Anyway,' continued my uncle, 'you may take it that Florence don't think herself too good for Jack. What do *you* think, nephew? There's a meaning in her hurrying round here this morning to pour her yarn about her papa's severity into Sophie's ear, which I should take to my heart and cuddle if I were twenty-five years old, single, and her admirer. And does the old fellow really suppose he is going the right way to work to make his daughter do what he wants? What fools there are in this world!'

'There is only one way,' said I, addressing my aunt, 'of pleasantly ending this unfortunate affair.'

'Not by giving Florence up—surely?' cried my uncle.

'The condition,' I went on, 'is that Miss Hawke is only to cease visiting you whilst I remain your guest.'

'Oh, excuse me, Mr. Jack,' cried my aunt, lifting up her hands; 'there are two sides to that condition. We shall always be glad to see Florence; but after what has passed, none of us—I speak of my own particular family—could ever dream of calling on the Hawkes again!'

'At all events,' said I, 'the condition, so far as Miss Hawke is concerned, relates to me, and me only. I will not say I have already trespassed upon your kindness—'

'None of that!' bawled my uncle.

'I mean this,' said I; 'it is out of the question that Miss Hawke can be debarred from visiting you by me. I must therefore leave you.'

'When?' said my uncle.

'To-day.'

'By what train?'

'By no train at all. I have taken lodgings in Bristol.'

My aunt looked startled, my uncle incredulous.

'Taken lodgings in Bristol!' cried he. 'When did you do that?'

'Just now.'

He turned to his wife and stared at her. 'Well,' said he, drawing a deep breath, 'Jack's a darned modest fellow, anyhow.'

'I hope you are not in earnest,' said my aunt, whose kind heart did not at all relish this new posture in me, although she might consider I was acting very properly.

'I am, indeed,' I replied. 'I have hired a couple of rooms, and remove there this evening. After the kindness you have shown me, it is painful to be forced to leave you in this fashion. But I know my duty. Mr. Hawke shall have no further excuse to deprive his daughter of my cousins' society. Besides, I must not forget I have already been here a fortnight, and I never intended to inflict my society upon you for a longer term.'

My uncle sat listening and looking at me with his head on one side, his right eye half closed, and his face full of thought. I had fully expected an explosion of affronted cordiality, of indignant hospitality, and was therefore not a little surprised to find him silent and contemplative. It was my aunt who expostulated, and I must say she tried hard to induce me to prolong my visit. She said that whether I went or whether I stayed could not in the least degree alter matters now. She heartily hoped there had been nothing in her manner to cause me to leave. Since I meant to stop in Bristol, she could not understand why I thought

it necessary to take lodgings when her house was at my service. To which I replied that I was exceedingly obliged to her for her kindness, and that I should part from her with great regret and much gratitude for the hospitality I had received.

All this while my uncle continued watching me. He waited until my aunt had given up trying to coax me, and said, 'Jack, what makes you stop in Bristol? Why don't you return to London?'

'Because I like the air here,' said I.

'Have you given up your town lodgings?'

'No.'

'Can you afford to keep two sets of rooms going on something under two hundred and fifty pounds a year?' cried he.

'I must endeavour to do so,' I replied.

'Sophia,' he exclaimed, 'I suppose you can guess why Jack sticks to Bristol?'

'It is not hard to understand,' she answered.

'Well,' continued he, talking to her as though I were not present, 'it proves that he is in earnest. And as that's so, he ought not to miss of our encouragement and goodwill. He knows Florence through us; he can charge us with having shown him the road into this business; and we're bound not to leave him up to his waist in it, more especially since old Hawke's behaviour has relieved us of all sense of our duty towards our neighbour.'

'Don't trouble about me,' said I. 'If I'm up to the waist now, I'll scramble out by-and-by somehow, depend upon it.'

My uncle left his chair and walked about the room, and shortly afterwards my aunt went away, being signalled by him to do so, as I might judge by the manner of her going. When the door was closed upon her, my uncle asked me where I had taken lodgings. I told him. He then inquired at what charge I should be, and this question also I answered.

'You have quite made up your mind to leave us?' said he.

'I have,' I replied, 'and for the reasons I have given.'

'All right,' said he; 'we'll say no more on that head. If you had stayed we should have been glad. Since you *won't* stop, you must go. But what is your scheme? what do you hope to do by living in Bristol? Surely Florence isn't *pledged* to you, is she? Hang me, if I'm not in a mind to believe anything!'

'I wish she were,' cried I. 'Loving her as I do—as she knows I do, and I say thank God for that!—do you think I could go and put a hundred miles of railway between us? I may be acting like a fool—or what is the same thing, like a very young man; but whilst Miss Hawke remains single I must keep near her, in the hope of seeing her, of meeting her, of talking to her, of winning her love, and—and——'

'Bolting with her, d'ye mean?' asked he.

I made no answer.

'Well,' said he, 'boil me alive, Jack, if you don't deserve all the luck you may get. Upon my word, this business is like one of those romances I used to read when a lad, where the heroine elopes with the hero in a thunderstorm, and returns with her husband after many adventures to receive the tremulous blessing of her aged father the Duke.'

Seeing, however, that this banter was not much to my taste, though I forced a sickly grin whilst he talked, he grew serious, said that though he did not find fault with me for falling in love with Florence Hawke and clinging to the place in which she lived, I ought not to forget that my prospects, so far as she was concerned, were exceedingly small. For, first, I had to make her in love with me—and had I substantial reasons for supposing I could succeed? Second, in order to make her in love with me it was necessary that we should meet; and how was *that* to be managed now that I had left his house and was tabooed by her father? Third, even if I induced her to meet me, and succeeded in gaining her love, did I think she was likely to defy her father by so bold and reckless a step as an elopement? And if I did not suppose her capable of any audacious action of that kind, what ideas was I flattering myself with? He would tell me this: that unless I could get her to bolt with me I should never win her as a wife; and since there was no girl he ever remembered meeting less likely to elope with a man than Florence Hawke, he would earnestly advise me—not, indeed, to relinquish my pursuit; there was no harm in my taking lodgings in Bristol, it was a healthier place than London; its temptations were few, and I could save money, but—not to allow my hopes of success to gather too much weight, lest disappointment should prove a severer punishment than I had any suspicion of.

He talked to me, indeed, very much as old Crusoe talked to young Robinson; and as with that famous person, so, had I allowed my uncle's counsels to influence me, I should have been spared some adventures very nearly as strange and surprising as those which befell Defoe's hero—though to be sure they were not limited to an uninhabited island, nor did they last, thank goodness, eight-and-twenty years.

After he had eased his mind by lecturing me, my uncle seated himself at a writing-table, and asked me how long I was likely to use the lodgings I had taken. I told him I had no notion. 'But how long,' says he, 'd'ye mean to give yourself either to win the girl or drop all thoughts of her?' I replied that there was no good in asking me questions of that kind, as it was impossible for me to answer them.

'Do you reckon,' says he, 'on stopping in Bristol six months?'

'Well,' said I, laughing at his importuning me in this manner,

'I ought pretty well to know where I am at the end of six months.'

On this he pulled open a drawer and took out a cheque-book; and after making some calculations on a piece of paper, he filled up a cheque and handed it to me.

'There, my boy,' said he, 'put that in your pocket. It'll pay for six months' lodging.'

I looked at the cheque and saw that it was for fifty pounds. I was taken plump aback by his kindness, and for some moments could only look stupidly at the cheque. I then put it on the table, told him that I had no words to thank him for his generosity, but that I was not in want of money, and was very well able to support such expenses as I was likely to bring upon myself. What followed came very near to being a quarrel. He called me an ungrateful young son of a cook. Had I not assured him that nothing but Mr. Hawke's instructions to Florence drove me away? I answered yes. Then, he wanted to know, what right had I to insult him by refusing to remain his guest on my own terms?

'I don't understand you,' said I.

'Why, man,' cried he, 'don't you see that, as you say you can't be comfortable in this house owing to Alphonso Hawke's orders to his daughter, I'm taking lodgings for you in the neighbourhood, keeping you as a sort of out-door guest; and that instead of paying your landlady myself I am asking you to pay her for me? Can't you understand that, you swab?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but I'm hanged if I'm a swab!'

'How's that?—not a swab!' cried he. 'Were you not, would you be so thick and flabby in your intellects as to offer to pay a gentleman whose guest you are for your own keep? Take that cheque, man, and let's have no more jaw.'

As it was certain that he would have resented any further refusal of it as an affront, I put the cheque in my pocket, thanking him as heartily for his kindness as the temper I was in by being called a son of a cook and a swab would suffer. However, as you may suppose, this fit of irritation did not last long. Indeed, I should have deserved very much harder names than my uncle had bestowed on me had I not appreciated the fatherly goodwill he was showing me. And though I had talked as if I did not want the money, give me leave to say that in the depths of my soul I found it a mighty acceptable gift, and that, trifling as the sum was, it distinctly heartened me up and made me take a cheerfuller view of the extraordinary waiting-job I had set myself; so magical is the influence of vulgar dross upon the mind even when wholly given up to sentiment.

I sent my luggage down into Bristol by Cobb the man-servant, with a message to the landlady that I would arrive at her house between nine and ten o'clock. 'And Cobb,' said I to the man,

'be good enough to tell her to buy me a bottle of cognac and put it on the table along with some soda-water;' for, to speak the truth, after the music, the conversation, the company of my relations and friends, the pleasant evenings I had passed at my uncle's house, winding up with cigars, iced drinks, moonlight wanderings among the trees, and the like, I recoiled from the prospect of the loneliness of the first night in the little lodgings, and foresaw the necessity of some provision against low spirits. If there be any teetotallers among you, don't be shocked. I do not know that in all my life, mates, I ever took a thimbleful more of grog than my head could carry; but I'll tell you this—there have been occasions when a well-timed glass of liquor has served me better than a clap on the back or a handshake—at sea, look you, where, after twelve hours of heart-breaking work with the pumps or up aloft, nothing but the caulker of rum served out under the break of the poop by the light of a bull's-eye lamp could have furnished me with physical force enough to crawl up the rigging for the twentieth time to help the others to stow the remnants of what had been a brand-new close-reefed sail.

When Sophie and Amelia returned from making their visits, and were told that I had hired lodgings in Bristol and meant to quit their house for good that evening, they stared at me as if I had taken leave of my senses. My aunt, my uncle, and I were in the drawing-room killing a half-hour before dinner when the girls came in, and I see them now, fat, amazed, agitated, as my aunt said, 'Sophie, Amelia, what do you think? Mr. Jack has taken apartments in Bristol, and is going to them this evening. In fact, he actually sleeps in them to-night; so that we lose him with wonderful suddenness,' says she, nodding fast as she spoke.

A variety of exclamations broke from the girls: 'Apartments in Bristol!' 'Going this evening!' 'Sleeps there to-night!'

Here I cried, 'Don't you think I am better than a circulating library? What novel can approach the sensation I cause by my movements?'

'But why are you leaving, Jack?' said Sophie. 'What has happened?' and she ran her eyes over her papa and mamma, in search, maybe, of the traces of a recent quarrel; for the dear creature had never dreamt for a moment that I was in earnest when I told her it was my duty to clear out of the house. My aunt up and spoke; related my reason for going, with all the garnishing that a woman's fluent tongue could furnish to a simple yarn, and wound up by a fresh and rather wild appeal to me to reconsider my decision and not be foolish.

'It's too late—everything's settled; let us have no more of this, Sophia,' growled my uncle, casting, nevertheless, a somewhat admiring eye upon his wife, in whose cheeks the heat of her own volubility and energy of gesticulation had kindled a bright colour,

and who, what with her well-fitting dress, long train, fine figure, thick hair (every scrap of it her own, my uncle once assured me), good teeth, and shining eyes, looked, I am bound to say, uncommonly handsome, and twenty years too young to be the mother of the two plump, full-grown women who stood listening to her, lost in wonder and ingenuous excitement. I really could not help feeling flattered when I observed the annoyance and disappointment my cousins showed on discovering that it was all true—that I had taken lodgings and was quitting their roof in a few hours. They had a sisterly affection for me; besides, they might have found it nice to have a young man in the house, not offensively ugly as men go, a young fellow to drive with, to introduce, to be seen with.

‘I should certainly, if I were you, Jack,’ said Sophie, eyeing me (bless her!) almost tearfully, ‘be above allowing Mr. Hawke to drive you away from your relatives, who, you well know, are very glad to have you with them.’

‘Unless, indeed, Jack is tired of us and wants to regain the independence which only lodgings can confer, so men say,’ observed Amelia, whose satire was neutralised by her corpulence and excessively good-natured face as fast as it flowed.

However, my uncle, who was sick of the subject—and small blame to him—begged his daughters to say no more about it; Jack meant to go; he knew his own business best; let him then, in the name of peace, depart without any more arguments. So, in compliance with his request, we changed the conversation and presently went to dinner, which, in spite of all my efforts after a cheerful exterior and sprightly observations, was so dull, flat, and melancholy a meal that anybody might have supposed we were only lingering over funeral refreshments until the hearse and the mourning coaches drove up. Sophie, who was full of my going, tried several times to start me as a topic, making sundry feints by vague questions and observations about the Hawkes; but she was regularly parried and dealt with by her papa, who forced her to retire with confusion; until at last there seemed to dawn upon us all the conviction that any further references to my departure would be in bad taste. But after dinner, and when my uncle and I had been sitting together a short time, the window being open, I spied Sophie outside flitting about in the gloom. I was anxious to have a few words with her before going, so I stepped on to the lawn.

Sophie instantly began: ‘When did you take the apartments, Jack?’

‘This morning,’ I replied.

‘You told me you were going to look at the city docks. Why didn’t you explain your real motive?’ said she, reproachfully.

‘Because,’ I answered, ‘I wanted to make my arrangements

before speaking, so that I might be able to say it is too late when you all, in your great kindness, should, as I knew you would, try to persuade me to remain here.'

'I am not going to persuade you,' said she. 'But what good can you do in lodgings? You are much less likely to see Florence than were you to stop with us.'

'Ay, Sophie; but will you tell me how long in decency I ought to go on burdening you with my company?'

'As long as ever you like,' said she. 'You know it is no burden. We are delighted to have you.'

'Yes; but that does not render it the more proper in me to encroach on your kindness. Now, in lodgings I can take my time. I can never be embarrassed by the feeling that I am trespassing. Besides, I shall be as comfortable in Bristol as in London.'

'But what do you mean to do? You can't call on Florence. Do you expect her to call on *you*?'

'I am full of expectation,' I replied. 'And why? because I have you as a friend, Sophie. I can count upon your sympathy; I feel that I can rely upon your affection for your foolish young cousin to help him in his love for your beautiful, your adorable friend.'

I seized her plump hand; and indeed, boys, it was just the sort of night for sentimental twaddle—warm, dark, the stars large and luminous, the atmosphere breathless, the stillness full of fragrance, with now and again the notes of a clarion-tongued bird coming out of the deeper darkness where the trees were—I seized her plump hand, I tell you, pressed and fondled it, and she laughed, low and gratefully, a laugh full of relish and satisfaction. Upon my word, when I look back, it does not gratify my vanity to think that she was not desperately in love with me: for in my thankfulness for her sympathy and kindness, and with the image of Florence always in my mind's eye, I would talk to her so sentimentally, caress her hand, breathe in her ear and the like, that there would have been little to wonder at had she come to the conclusion that the other girl was only an excuse, and that it was she whom I adored.

'So far as Amelia and I are concerned, we will do all that we can to help you, Jack,' said she. 'But understand: we can do nothing unless we discover that Florence thinks of you, and likes to hear of you. We'll carry letters and messages between you as often as may be wanted; and I, for one, shall take a particular delight to do what I can to put you in the place young Mr. Morecombe wants to fill, and to thwart Mr. Hawke—for I quite hate that old man now. But if Florence is cold about you, if she should not like to be reminded of you, we shall be unable to help; or you know, Jack, that men cannot make love by proxy, unless they happen to be kings.'

'Don't discourage me,' said I, 'on the very threshold. I

don't ask you to make love to her for me, but you might, when you meet her ——'

'I shall meet her often, I hope; and I shall speak to her as often as we meet, unless she is with her father,' interrupted Sophie.

'I say, no harm could come from your telling her how devoted I am, how deeply I love her, and why I have left Clifton, and why I *cannot* leave Bristol.'

'Oh, certainly, Jack; I can tell her that, and a great deal more; and if she is fond of you I shall not be able to tell her too much, and you shall know all that she says about you exactly—good or bad; so that you will be able to decide whether to go on lingering in lodgings in Bristol, or return here, or go back to London.'

'And Sophie, my darling,' said I, 'if you find that she doesn't give my name the cold shoulder, but, on the contrary, is pleased to hear you talk about me, I suppose to a girl possessed of your cleverness, it would not be quite impossible to arrange an accidental meeting—you know what I mean—a chance encounter somewhere, where trees are plentiful, and people few—eh, Sophie?'

'Oh, that's very easily managed,' said she, in a voice of contempt that was like a dram to my spirits. 'If Florence is willing, there can be no limit to what may be done. It will entirely depend upon her, not upon Amelia's and my good wishes—so please bear that in mind.'

'When will you call upon me?'

'To-morrow morning, just to see what sort of lodgings you have. You will please leave us your address. And how often will you come to see us?'

'Very often, depend upon it.'

'Because,' said she, making her manner impressive by wagging her forefinger at me—the starlight and the illumination from the lower windows rendered us plainly visible to each other—'the oftener you come the oftener you are likely to meet Florence without obliging us to invent any stratagems. To-morrow morning I shall write to Florence and tell her that you have left Clifton, and beg her to acquaint her father with that fact, that he may withdraw his orders to her to discontinue her visits here. I shall make my letter sarcastic, and ask her in a postscript to read it to Mr. Hawke.'

I was about to beg her to do nothing of the kind, lest the old man should take it as a new affront, and base further injunctions to his daughter upon it, when my uncle, coming to the window, bawled out: 'Are there burglars yonder? Who's that mum, mum, mumming there? Are the bees still abroad? or has a sick cow strayed into these grounds to die? Sophie, is that you?'

She answered Yes. 'Without any head-gear on? D'ye know the dew falls like a thunder-squall? Come in, come in, and bring the melancholy Jackanapes with you.'

This ended our confab, and half an hour afterwards I stood in the hall shaking hands all round, and saying good-night and good-bye.

'You understand, Jack,' said my uncle, 'that it's only a shift of premises. You're still our guest.'

'A knife and fork will always be laid for you,' said my aunt; 'and your bedroom kept ready, so that we shall require no notice of your return.'

'You are very foolish to go, Jack; but there's no reasoning with men,' exclaimed Amelia; and Sophie, as she squeezed my hand, mumbled in a whisper that I might count upon her.

'God bless you all! and thanks,' said I: and lurching through the hall-door I gained the highway and stepped out for my lodgings in Bristol.

CHAPTER IX.

MY BRISTOL LODGINGS.

THE first night in new lodgings when you are alone and in a strange town does not always make a pleasant memory. Nothing fits: the armchair is too big or too little; the bed-mattress is too hard or too soft; the washstand is in the wrong corner; the toilet-table is in the road of the window; and the inhospitality of things new to your habits is oppressive. In London the feeling that my home was a lodging had been sunk by custom; but the sense came up in me very strong when I reached my Bristol apartments, and stood in the bit of a sitting-room, contrasting it with my uncle's home, and gazing vacantly at the table, on which were a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda-water, and a corkscrew, upon a cheap brand-new tray. I heard a man's voice rumbling under my feet, and there was a smell of coarse tobacco about; and when I cast my eyes around, and beheld no books, no intellectual solace of any kind outside the prints, which were speedily to be exhausted, whether as diversions or as moral instructors, I felt very lonely indeed, and sat me down in the stiff-backed, hair-covered armchair that stood nakedly confronting the frigid black grate and its bleak furniture of fender and irons, with a misgiving upon me that I was acting very much like a donkey.

Mrs. Chump broke in upon my musings by asking at what time I wanted to be called in the morning, and what I wished for breakfast. Called in the morning! what was there to get up to?

and wish for breakfast? there was not a phantom of a wish of the kind in me. But I was bound to give her an answer, so I muttered something about eggs and bacon and half-past eight, and then pulled the cork out of the brandy-bottle and filled a pipe.

However, I cheered myself up after a bit by considering that first of all I had acted as any gentleman would in relieving my uncle's house of a guest that had set two families by the ears; next, that when Florence Hawke came to hear that I could not tear myself away from the neighbourhood, and was living lonesomely in lodgings for her sake, she would find a good deal in the news to persuade her that I was very honestly in love. And then I reflected that I had two most emotional champions and allies in my cousins, in whose loyalty and love of romance I might have the utmost confidence; and I also consoled myself by thinking that, though I might have prolonged my stay at my uncle's without risk of being thought an intruder, the time must certainly arrive when my sense of propriety would oblige me to leave his house; so that, since I was determined to keep near Florence, I had only anticipated my departure by a week or two by coming to these lodgings at once.

I often recall myself sitting in that little room, smoking my pipe, my mind labouring under a crowd of thought like a hard-pressed ship in a seaway. Nathaniel Hawthorne has a story in one of his books of a man's conscience standing behind him and giving him a dig with a sharp knife from time to time as it holds up pictures of his early life to his face. I, who write this in middle age, stand in fancy alongside that armchair, and look at my foolish young self as I sit with my legs crossed, blowing out smoke, sometimes grinning over a hope, sometimes scowling over a misgiving, and very often hauling out Miss Florence's portrait from a side pocket to gaze at it and kiss it. Even then I thought the adventure I had embarked on a queer one, with little meaning in it, and yet not destitute of a kind of nebula of an idea either. But what must I think now, looking as I do, so to speak, through the other end of the telescope, and recall the amazing experiences to which my sojourn at Clifton and Bristol was merely a tender, uneventful introduction? Would I go through it again? Can I conceive of any woman so divine, so stately, so majestical, so lily-white, so bland, so all the rest of it, as to seduce me into putting to sea for her lovely and noble sake, and getting shipwrecked? What say ye, mariners? Is there any woman worth being shipwrecked for—not in a commercial sense, but *literally*, amid a storm of wind, in the trough of a raging ocean, when the lightning makes a hell of the sooty sky, and the yelling of the hurricane mingling with the cries of the drowning sounds like the voices of fiends triumphing over the agonies of the damned?

Answer that, my lively hearties, if so be that you know what it is to be shipwrecked.

I turned in shortly before twelve, and reckoned upon a tossing night: instead of which I fell sound asleep, and never opened my eyes until Mrs. Chump rapped upon the door. My lodgings were in a street, and when I rose to shave myself, the look-out over the way formed a very depressing contrast with the bright fresh scene of trees and flowers I had every morning gazed at from my bedroom in my uncle's house. Nevertheless, I felt on the whole pretty lively, and was in a temper to take a cheerfuller view of my conduct and resolutions than my spirits had allowed me on the previous night. The street gave me but a narrow horizon; but the sky was to be seen overhead, and my mood perhaps came to me from the radiancy and life of it; for there was a strong breeze of wind blowing, and clouds, like bursts of cannon-smoke, white and gleaming, were sailing across the blue in stately processions, and the dancing sunshine seemed like a kind of laughter upon the face of the world.

When I arrived in the little parlour under my bedroom I found breakfast ready; and though it was but a modest repast, yet what cooking there was in it was up to the hammer, the coffee excellent, everything clean, a nosegay in a tumbler in the middle of the table, and a local newspaper damp and flat lying upon the napkin. Trifling as these matters are to mention, I found them reconciling, and when I had breakfasted and stowed myself away in the arm-chair—there was but one—with a pipe in my mouth and the newspaper in my hand, I could not help reflecting that, even if I viewed this freak as no more than a holiday jaunt, I could not have chosen a brighter scene than Bristol, with its docks and its picturesque old houses, and the river winding through the streets, and the noble Clifton scenery close at hand.

Sophie had promised to call, and I remained in my lodgings the whole morning for fear of missing her. A mighty long morning it was: but an end was made of it shortly before noon by a hearty knock on the door, and my cousins were announced by the landlady. They looked around them, evidently amused by the size of the room; and I confess that when they were seated it seemed to have shrunk to half its real dimensions, owing, no doubt, to its being pretty well filled by the two fat girls and myself. They asked me how I had slept, whether I was likely to be comfortable, whether my love for Florence was going to be proof against the loneliness of the lodger's life, and so forth. When I say they, I mean it was chiefly Amelia who asked these questions, for there was often a little touch of banter in her as if she never thoroughly gave me credit for earnestness; whilst Sophie, on the other hand, would always return sigh for sigh and echo groan for groan. They had no news to give me. They had merely called to see what

sort of apartments I had taken, and to know if I would dine with them that evening.

'No,' said I; 'do not tempt me. I want to inure myself to solitude. I want to accustom myself to my own company; unless, indeed——'

Sophie understood me. 'No,' said she, 'you will not see Florence.'

'Have you written to her?'

'Yes,' she answered, putting her hand in her pocket; 'and here is her reply.' She gave me a little cocked-hat note, the counterpart of the one I possessed. It was dated 10.30, proving that Sophie had written very early indeed, and that Miss Hawke had replied immediately. The little missive trembled in my hand as I read:

'Dearest Sophie,—Papa is out, so I must wait to tell him that your cousin Jack has left you. I shall not read your letter to him, as there is really no reason why he should know that your cousin has taken apartments in Bristol. The whole thing is quite absurd enough as it is. I hope to see you soon; and I trust, dear, this foolish anxiety about me on papa's part will not prevent you from calling—as on my side, I certainly do not intend to let it estrange us. I am very much ashamed that I should have been the *cause* of your cousin leaving you. I know how greatly you enjoyed his company; but though I *am* the cause, I feel that I am innocently so, and let me assure you that nothing ever surprised and vexed me more than papa's desire that I should not visit you whilst your cousin remained at your house. Yours sincerely, FLORENCE HAWKE. P.S. I suppose you will *often* see your cousin? Poor fellow! I hope he has found nice apartments.'

'There's a deal in that note about you, isn't there, Jack?' said Amelia, after I had read it twice through, and was beginning for the third time.

'There is, indeed,' I exclaimed, thrilled by the references. 'But what does she mean by saying that the whole thing is quite absurd enough?'

'That her papa's conduct is absurd,' answered Sophie.

'Are you sure?' said I, doubtfully, looking at the sentence in the letter. 'You don't think she means mine, do you?'

They were both so confident on that head that they vanquished my misgivings. I asked Sophie if she meant to call at Clifton Lodge. She said that if her mamma did not object she would call—that is, of course, if Mr. Hawke allowed Florence to visit them.

'We don't mean to say, Jack,' observed Amelia, 'that we should call if you were not concerned in our remaining friendly with Florence, because we all consider Mr. Hawke has behaved most insultingly to us. But Sophie and I have talked things over

as we came here, and we have agreed, if mamma does not object, to occasionally visit Florence, so as to enable her to call upon us.'

'I am afraid your mamma will object,' said I. 'She has said none of you could ever dream of calling upon the Hawkes again after what has happened.'

'She may change her mind; and if so,' said Sophie, 'the arrangement should suit you very well.'

'Why, yes,' said I, 'if I am to meet Miss Hawke at your house. But will she call, knowing her papa's objections? And will not old Hawke stop his daughter's visits when he hears that I am in Bristol?'

'You are really a very hard person to help,' cried Amelia. 'Here is a pile of might-be's! If all that you fear is going to take place, we must salaam and give your love-troubles up—for what can we do?'

On this I mentally cursed myself for a fool—for was not I one, to go and invent difficulties, and damp the romantic fancies which rendered these cousins my warm allies? Looking humbly at them both, I begged their forgiveness, and promised never to express any more apprehensions nor to entertain any further forebodings, but to take things as they came, and if the wind drew ahead on one tack, to shift the helm and try the other tack.

'There's nothing else to be done, Jack,' said Sophie; 'for if mamma won't, and Florence won't, and Mr. Hawke won't—if it is to be all won't——'

'Then of course it must be won't with me,' said I, finishing her speech for her.

They stayed a while chatting, and before leaving asked me again to dine with them. I should have been well pleased to accept the invitation, but considered I would stand a better chance of preserving their esteem and affection if, now that I was out of the house, I did not dose them too often with my company; and besides, if this courtship of mine was going to involve much waiting—whether it came to anything or not—should I not be dining at their house often enough? 'If ever you want the phaeton, or feel disposed for a canter, you have only to send a message, Jack,' said Sophie, and then, giving me a tender sentimental shake of the hand, my cousins went away.

I killed the rest of the day in wandering about Bristol, hanging about the docks, where the vessels and the hands at work upon them stirred up scores of old memories, and I also expended a few shillings in the purchase of a small collection of cheap novels. My uncle had put my name down at his club, but unfortunately Mr. Hawke was a member of it, and the fear of meeting him was quite enough to keep me clear of those premises. It immeasurably consoled me, however, to reflect that Florence Hawke knew that I was living in Bristol. Why, even if she had no feeling

for me, outside liking me as an easy-going, light-hearted young fellow, she was bound to take an interest in a man who had surrendered his pleasure and comfort as his uncle's guest, because of her papa's fears and priggish jealousy, and had gone to dwell in a twopenny lodging that he might be near her and able to catch a glimpse of her now and again. It is true that the thought of young Morecombe living in her house, enjoying her incomparable society, and being backed in his assaults upon her heart by the battery of her father's wishes, was excessively distracting to a lover so utterly helpless as I was; but I consoled myself by reflecting that she had spoken of the young fellow as a fool, that she had never expressed an atom of regard for him, and that my cousins were fully of opinion that Mr. Hawke would never induce his daughter to accept the man as a husband.

But taking it all round, I give you my word it was anything but the jolliest time of my life. Often would I pull out Florence's likeness and look at it, and ask myself why fate had ordained that she should cross my path, instead of allowing me to remain the gay-hearted youth who was kicking his heels, up to a recent period, about the West End of London, and turning in night after night without a trouble to ruffle the serenity of his simple mind? During the evening that followed my cousins' visit, I very well remember sticking Miss Florence's photograph on the top of a hot water-jug, the open lid of which supported its back and enabled me to view it with my hands in my pockets; and there it stood up before me like a fetish—but oh, shipmates, the beautiful drooping profile! the lovely swell of the figure! the rich, tender speaking eye downwards bent, hollowest phantasm of the exquisite reality as it was!—whilst I soliloquised as though I were making my devotions before the goddess; and I well recollect wondering whether it would not be better for me to end this business by packing my portmanteau and going away to London next morning, instead of languishing in these lodgings, dependent upon my cousins for the privilege of even seeing Miss Florence, and of eventually, maybe, sinking into a species of idiocy, only to be rewarded in the end by receiving a piece of Mrs. Florence Morecombe's wedding-cake to put under my pillow. My love, thought I, is but a milk-tooth now, a small pull will whip it away; but if I let it grow, it will become a lumping big grinder with several enormous fangs, so that the very devil himself might fail to haul it out; and if it should decay—heavens! what agony must I suffer! What ought I to do then? But guess what sort of common sense I had in those days when you notice that I tried to reason, with Florence's lovely face mounted on a hot-water jug plump under my nose! How was it possible for me to form any safe resolution, to act like a man who was determined to be master of himself, whilst the image of the sweetest of faces and figures—

the portrait of the woman I adored—stood up in front of me to paralyse every little thumping struggle my heart gave to regain its liberty? No, thought I, snatching up the beautiful picture and kissing it, it's too late—I'm in for it—I'll keep all fast! And pocketing the photograph, I drank to my own health, lighted a pipe, and fell to one of the half-dozen novels I had purchased.

CHAPTER X.

MY UNCLE DAMPS MY HOPES.

NOTHING particular, as shipmasters say when they depose to disasters, happened for the next three days. I recollect calling at my uncle's house and finding everybody out, also killing a morning by a trip to Portishead, attending a morning service in the cathedral, in the vague, utterly idle hope of seeing Miss Hawke there. Had I been in Bristol merely as a lounging visitor, with an unoccupied mind on the look-out for amusement, I should have immensely enjoyed the old city; for it is as picturesque a place as a man need wish to see, full of gable-roofed houses belonging to ancient times, and quaint side streets; and, above all, it gives you the interests of a big port close to your door in the shape of ships, which come up into the heart of the town and mingle their spars and flags with chimney-pots and steeples.

But my mind never was unoccupied. I wandered about like a dog that has lost its master, staring at people and into carriages in hopes of catching a glimpse of Florence Hawke, with my mind so full of plans and plots, of hopes and fears, of determination and irresolution, that had Bristol been built by the slaves of Aladdin in a night, I should have mooned and gaped along the pavements without giving the least attention to the miracle.

On the afternoon of the third day I returned to my lodgings, having been down to Portishead to have a look at the old ocean, and found my little parlour fogged with tobacco smoke, in the midst of which sat my uncle blowing clouds from a large meerschauum. This was his first visit, and when I entered, instead of saying *How do you do*, he exclaimed, 'Shut the door behind ye, Jack. I don't want your landlady to hear me laugh. Man! you must be deeply in love to put up with this. Dash my buttons! you don't call this a *room*, do ye? Why, if Florence was to catch sight of this match-box, darned if I don't think she'd be giving you her hand and heart slick away off out of mercy so as to get you out of this butter-box of a hole.'

'Small as it is,' said I, 'I'm glad to see you in it. How are you?' and we shook hands, after which I opened the window.

'And what headway are you making?' said he.

'I'm very comfortable here,' I replied. 'Not equal to *your* palace, but good enough for a spell—clean, quiet, respectable, and cheap.'

'I don't mean that,' said he. 'What are you doing in this love business? Are you forging ahead at all?'

'I can't say I am,' I replied, feeling exceedingly foolish.

'Have you met Florence since you left us?' he asked.

'Not once.'

'Have you *seen* her then?'

'No.'

'Neither met her nor seen her!' he cried. 'What are you doing then—writing to her?'

I shook my head; these questions were abominably mortifying, and made me feel horribly absurd.

'Then,' said he, 'in the name of Jerusalem, what are you stopping in this rat-hole for?' looking around him. 'Has any one invented a new method of making love since I was young, by which two people can grow desperately attached by never seeing, by never meeting, by never hearing, and never writing to each other? If not, then come back to my house, Jack; don't go and ruin the reputation of the Seymours for intellect by hiding in a snail-shell and pretending that you are courting.'

My dignity was touched. 'Pardon me,' I observed somewhat loftily, 'you knew the policy I intended to adopt. I am content to wait. Mr. Alphonso Hawke is not an apple-tree that I can turn to and shake him until the particular fruit I want falls at my feet. His daughter knows I love her: she knows I am living in Bristol for her sake.'

'But what's *that* got to do with it?' he exclaimed. 'If you never meet her, if you never see her, if you don't correspond with her, what's to come of your lodging in this oyster-shell?'

'I am in my cousins' hands,' said I. 'Florence Hawke and I *will* meet, depend upon it; and when we do, you bet that Jack Seymour hasn't withdrawn into this oyster-shell, as you call it, for nothing.'

'Look here, my lad,' said he, speaking very kindly, and with a touch of apology in his voice that was almost alarming, 'I don't want to discourage you—you know that.'

'Yes, I know that.'

'There's no reason,' he continued, 'why you shouldn't win this girl—though, mind, you'll do nothing by sitting down in this snuff-box of a chamber with a pipe in your mouth, or taking a turn along a few fathoms of pavement. D'ye remember that I lectured you once on sincerity? Well, it eased my mind, and ever since I've somehow felt that you're to be trusted: my notion being that if Florence chooses to fancy you, she'll find you an

A1 husband, built above the usual requirements, copper-fastened, and something fit to handle. Money she oughtn't to want; and if her father cuts her off, you must go to work and double your income, and that'll do for the present. So you see, my boy, I don't want to discourage you.'

'But what do you want to say, then?' said I, wondering what he was driving at now that he had made all these admissions.

'Why,' said he, looking a bit nervous, 'you just now spoke of your cousins helping you. Well, I have no objection. I have my own theories of life, and do not know why I should be expected to applaud Mr. Hawke's views and support them. You're a gentleman—poor, but not a beggar. You have something to offer Florence, even if she came to you without a stiver. Isn't that so?'

'I have two hundred and fifty a year,' said I.

'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'and youth also, which is always worth money. If you were a dissolute fellow, if you were a twopenny rascal, if I thought you weren't worth the love of such a girl as Florence, if I reckoned you'd like to get her, not for her heart's sake, but for what she'd bring along with her, does any man who knows me suppose I would lift a finger to help you to foul old Hawke by running athwart his hawse? My boy, if I lifted anything it would be my foot, to give ye a hoist out of the way of the charming girl. Mind, Jack, I don't want to say anything to discourage you.'

'I'm following you anxiously,' said I.

'The fact is, nephew, your aunt and I are not agreed. She is for respecting Mr. Hawke's wishes to the extent of your doing nothing to bother him. She is very fond of you, Jack—ay, proud of you, my boy, as a relative; but she doesn't think it would be consistent with our dignity for your cousins to meddle in a business that's already caused old Hawke to insult us.'

'I do not blame her,' said I.

'It is not my fault,' continued he, growing more and more apologetic, and looking very sorry. 'I it was who told you you might count upon your cousins. But my wife objects, and she must have her way. She has consented to their calling on Florence, but on the distinct understanding that they take no messages, no notes.'

'You may depend upon it,' said I, speaking coolly, but feeling frightfully chagrined, 'that her requests are law to me. I beg that you will give her my love, and assure her that the same resolution that forced me from her hospitable house will enable me most strictly to respect her wishes.'

'For God's sake!' he burst out, 'don't be too polite, Jack, or you'll make me think you're satirical.'

'No, no,' said I, 'I am too fond of you all to try my clumsy fist at satire.'

'I know you are, and we're equally fond of you; and what I want to know now is, whether, seeing that it wouldn't be proper for your cousins to help you in this job, it is worth your while to go on bothering yourself over it. Act sensibly, man! Give up these lodgings, come to my house, and when you've had enough of us, return to London.'

'A thousand thanks for your kindness, uncle; but—what!' I shouted, 'surrender my love, my hopes, my chances, by living in a house on the understanding that I must never meet Florence Hawke, or, if I meet her, that I must never speak to her or take notice of her lest I should excite her father's suspicions of your neighbourliness, and lead him to suppose you are keeping me with you for the purpose of annoying him! My dear uncle, you once called me a swab; do you really think I *am* one?'

He laughed heartily, and said, 'Well, well; I see how it is. One must needs go when the devil drives. How you'll manage to get along I don't know; but I daresay in its time love has triumphed over bigger difficulties than any you're likely to encounter. Indeed, I once knew a man who, to come at the object of his affections, had not only to fight his own and the lady's family—the two families combined mustering no less than two-and-twenty souls—but the family of the rector of the parish, the family of a justice of the peace, and the relations of a medical widower. He beat 'em all. His triumph was wonderful! There was no bolting, no scudding away: he married the girl calmly and legitimately; and you may make an Irish hash of me, Jack, if the wedding guests didn't consist of all the people he had, in a moral sense, knocked on the head, and over whose bodies he had crawled on his road to the altar. Take that fable to heart,' said he, 'and moralise it.'

My conversation with him, however, had not left me in a very moralising mood. He lingered a little, talking and laughing—in truth he saw that he had made me despondent, and wanted to leave me in better spirits—and tried to persuade me to dine with him that day. I declined, for I was not at all in the humour to enjoy his hospitality, but promised to spend the following afternoon and evening at his house; and this being settled he went away, urging me with his last words to quit those lodgings, and never to suffer any woman in this wide world to make me unhappy whilst I remained a bachelor, as it was time enough for a man to begin to feel miserable when he was married.

I had counted so fully upon the good offices of my cousins, upon their willingness to convey letters and messages, upon their womanly capacity of interesting Florence in me by their talk of my devotion, my admiration of her, and the like, that, upon my

word, mates, the thought that their help was lost to me affected me to such a degree, that hang me if I am not ashamed to think of it. What was I to do *'now'*? No doubt I had the sympathy of my relations, but their neutrality was almost as bad as active hostility, so that practically I stood alone, I was without a friend, without any means of communicating with my darling, unless indeed I boldly wrote to her at her papa's house, which might have been a resolution very easy to carry out, but not for a moment to be entertained if I valued my self-respect and hers; and I was therefore deprived of all chance of keeping myself alive in her memory. Under such circumstances there is probably not one man in a hundred who would not have withdrawn whilst his wounds were still small. But my nature was an obstinate one, and sanguine too, a compound not often met. Besides this, I loved the girl from the very bottom of my heart with a boyish intensity I like to remember. I also valued my relatives' opinion, and guessed if I turned tail at this juncture they would ever after look upon me as a very insincere poor creature. These and a hundred such thoughts determined me to 'hold on all,' as we say at sea, to put my faith in chance, to be patient—in short, to play with Dame Fortune the old nursery game of shutting my eyes and opening my mouth and seeing what I should get. It might be a lollipop, or it might be a dose of jalap, but whatever it was, I would swallow it.

Yet for all that, the worry, the disappointment, the real distress of mind I was in, coupled by the heat of the weather and the smallness of the room about which I kept lurching for some time after my uncle had gone away, with my head full of simmering fancies, threw me into a kind of fever; and then there came into me such a desperate, crazy longing to see Florence Hawke—to catch even the merest glimpse of her—that without any kind of plan in my mind I pulled on my hat and set sail in the direction of Clifton. I did not, however, know how tired my ramble about Portishead had made me until I was mounting the steep road which would carry me to Clifton Lodge, and compelled by fatigue to walk slowly, I had plenty of leisure for reflection. What did I mean to do? To pull the bell, and ask if Miss Hawke was at home? Stand at the gate and peep through the bars? Was I anxious to give old Hawke an opportunity of pronouncing an opinion on me through the medium of his flunkies?

In truth, when I began to ask myself where I was bound to, and what I hoped to do when I got there, I found an irresolution creeping upon me. When a man is really beloved of his sweetheart there are few things he can do which are likely to make him ridiculous in her eyes—at least, that's my notion, and of course, I may be wrong; but I fancy no one will doubt that until a fellow has won a girl's heart he runs many risks of being laughed

at by her. Should Miss Hawke catch me hanging about the road in front of her house and peeping at the windows like a burglar settling his little plans, would she be amused? She might, it is true, be affected by this instance of my devotion, or she might think I was acting very ridiculously. An alternative of this kind is a very serious thing. These were my thoughts as I marched toilsomely up that hill, and these were the considerations which caused me after a while to stop, and then march down again.

No one who has been in love but will sympathise with the feelings which mastered me at this period, and follow with emotion the various postures of mind into which my passion forced me.

(To be continued.)

The Decay of the British Ghost.

TO the present writer at least it is a painful reflection that the British Ghost is fast becoming as extinct as the Great Bustard. It is not quite gone, for, as we are periodically informed, some of the leading letters of our alphabet still believe in spirits, and have relatives (amongst the asterisks) who have once actually beheld one. But in spite of this distinguished support, our ghosts are palpably drooping; one by one they are fading away. If any one doubts this, and would convince himself of the sad truth, he has simply to refer to that excellent work, published some time since, Mrs. Crowe's '*Night Side of Nature*,' which he will find positively swarming with spectres; spectres to suit all tastes; spectres ugly and comely, opaque and transparent, full dress and undress, plain and coloured, and all on such unimpeachable testimony that unbelief is rendered impossible. It is only reasonable to suppose that the majority of them were in full activity at the period at which the book was compiled, or they would not have been there; but where are all those spectres now? Where, for instance, is the 'whiskered gentleman in an antique dress and creaking boots' who once forgot himself so far as to 'go the length of shaking a maid-servant's bed'?—we have lost him, his boots are heard no more.

Where, too, is that 'dark-complexioned ghost' who wore a 'fustian jacket and a red comforter'? He seems to have been a handy and a useful spirit, invaluable to housekeepers with short memories, for we read that on one occasion he actually took the trouble to 'call at the greengrocer's and order a small quantity of coals which had been forgotten.' But he is gone now; we still, it is true, find puzzling items in our monthly bills—but these are explainable without any reference to the supernatural.

And, not to multiply instances, where, finally, is a highly interesting appearance which was 'frequently heard to crackle,' had a 'faintly luminous hue,' and 'brought with him one night a large dog,' which he stated (but perhaps untruthfully) 'was his father'?

None of these could well go about without attracting a certain amount of attention; we never hear of them now, and the inference is only too obvious.

If further proof of this decline were needed, there are few observant persons who cannot recall some fine specimen, ranging perhaps as far back as the Early English or Decorated periods, architecturally speaking, which was intact in their youthful days, but has since been suffered to fall into decay without an attempt at restoration, while others have vanished prematurely in the very prime of spectrehood.

That we are threatened at present with an imminent dearth of apparitions is an absolute fact which no thinking man will attempt to gainsay; it is the object of this paper to inquire into the causes which have contributed to such a result, and to consider seriously the remedy which (if we care at all to preserve the few phantoms that remain to us) will have to be applied.

The chief of these causes seem to be found in certain well-known characteristics of the British Ghosts; an almost excessive self-respect and a shrinking susceptibility to public opinion, which render it hardly surprising if the treatment they have encountered of late has (as it is to be feared is the case) decided them to withdraw from an age incapable of appreciating them.

For since the days of Dickens (probably one of the first to offend in this respect) a constant stream of ridicule has been directed against the Ghost; and ridicule, be it remembered, is a force which has proved fatal to far more substantial institutions.

Even worse than ridicule, however, is the tremendous competition with which they have had to contend; science having, possibly out of pique at finding no means of utilising these supernatural but slightly shiftless beings, revenged itself by inventing a cheap and spurious imitation, so that in an age of shams we cannot be certain that all the few ghosts we yet possess are wholly genuine, and the humblest public entertainer can now supply, without the expense or risk of any preliminary sacrifice of human life, an apparition which is as satisfactory to the idle and unthinking as the best-pedigreed shade.

Thus it is that so many of our oldest established ghosts have found themselves unable to hold their own, and have been reluctantly forced to retire from the unequal contest—a proud triumph, truly, for our vaunted civilisation!

But another cause has been at work with a more insidious but even deadlier method; until quite recently, if the practice does not still survive in a modified form, it was customary to commission a band of ingenious *littérateurs* to turn out batches of ready-made spectres for the Christmas annuals.

It must be candidly admitted that some of these were by no means devoid of merit of a certain kind; they have been known to send readers, and especially child-readers, scuttling up to bed with as strong a disinclination to look behind them as the most conscientious apparition could desire to induce. And they were always strictly seasonable; a quality that deserves recognition now that some Christmas annuals rest their claims upon the scrupulous delicacy with which they avoid as far as possible all allusion to the very month of December and its associations.

There was something thoroughly Christmassy, for example, about the witchlike old lady, with a horrible dead rouged face, who looked out of a tarnished mirror and gibbered malevolently at somebody, for the excellent reason that he chanced to be her descendant; nor could the pale gentlemanly man—who took the thirteenth chair at a Swiss *table d'hôte* in winter and conversed intelligently (for an apparition) on the subjects of the weather and the hotel charges, until he melted away mysteriously with the salad—be called absolutely unfestive.

And the female figure—supple and graceful, gliding lightly clad and bareheaded through a copse on a bitterly cold morning and followed eagerly by the narrator of the adventure till she turned her head and showed him a pale mask, *without eyes*—that female figure possessed a charm in that simple, unadorned eyelessness of hers that was well worth the entire shilling charged for the magazine, which contained at least two other ghosts quite as horrible between its covers.

The skeleton fisherman who landed a skeleton pike in a snow-storm, the ghost of an entire railway train and the spectral bank clerk that cashed a dead man's cheque—all these were, in their way, pleasing and original productions, while the most imposing of all perhaps was one to which the shuddering reader was introduced something after this fashion (the writer is unfortunately reduced to quote from memory):

'I was sitting,' said the contributor, 'in my snug little lodging-house parlour, with my back towards the door which led to my bedroom, and my feet on the fender, enjoying my tea by the side of a blazing fire whereon a kettle was singing merrily. I had just taken another piece of muffin, when I was suddenly struck by an icy blast, which, in spite of the fire, seemed to sweep my legs below the knee, and happening to raise my eyes to the glass above my chimney-piece, I saw the door behind me slowly, stealthily opening! I looked round with a

vague indefinable uneasiness, and saw—merciful Heaven! *how* shall I describe the frightful thing that presented itself to my horror-stricken gaze? I saw a dank discoloured loathsome shape, the fish-like eyes in whose mildewed countenance shone with a dull greenish glitter . . .’ (and so on for some lines of rather unpleasant and charnel-house detail) . . . ‘drag its decomposing form painfully into my sitting-room, and fall with a hideous soft thud into the empty coalscuttle!’

A real ghost with half these personal advantages would most certainly have had a career before it—but these artfully manufactured imitations succeeded in time in dealing a fatal blow at the legitimate originals on which they were founded, and they did so in this way—they gradually undermined the public confidence in spectres.

For years people placed implicit faith in these annuals, but at length they began to ask themselves the inevitable question whether it was upon the whole probable that quite so many denizens of the unseen world should combine to reveal themselves about Christmas-time and exclusively to persons connected to some extent with literature.

They decided eventually in the negative, and their belief in the Magazine Ghost was shaken to its foundations. Had this been all, little harm would have been done, but from such a frame of mind it was but a step—though a glaringly illogical one—to a scepticism concerning all spectral appearances whatever; and how disastrous this must have proved to ghosts (which depend as much as a prime minister, a public company, or a tragedian upon retaining the confidence of the public) can be readily imagined.

And so most of the more sensitive, many of them of long standing and a respectability untarnished by any appearance in print, have already faded away from disgust or inanition, and those who still linger on are reduced to a condition but little removed from utter destitution; while, sad as this is, there is something still more shocking in the apathy with which the British public permits these once familiar objects to moulder away unregretted, almost forgotten.

There are persons, otherwise enlightened and liberal thinkers, who do not even affect to deplore them; ‘These ghosts,’ they tell us in their hard practical way, ‘are no longer of the least use—the greater part of them never did much beyond keeping alive some ancient scandal which would have been better forgotten, and the few which acted as a kind of primitive telegraphic service for the conveyance of bad news performed their errand in so tactless

a manner as frequently to render the recipient of their information more or less of an idiot for the rest of his or her life. In no single instance, too, owing to their unbusinesslike vagueness, could the intelligence they brought be relied upon without confirmation. If the ghost is really going,' say they, 'so much the better—we can do very well without it!'

But is not this, after all, a narrow and prejudiced mode of treating the question? have not our spectres some claim to our protection and even to our esteem?

To the lover of the past what link is more direct and more suggestive, what study more fraught with instruction than an old-established and well-authenticated Ghost?—and should it be objected that the results of this branch of study have hitherto been but meagre, the answer is that this must be set down to an inveterate tendency on the part of most persons favoured with opportunities for nocturnal research to veil their heads beneath the bedclothes at the first alarm—a practice which, though admirably adapted for concentrating the mind, is not so well suited to minute and careful observation.

And then the mere fact of having so picturesque an object as a phantom about the house confers a reflected lustre on the owner; it costs little or nothing to keep, and, with ordinary care, will last for an indefinite period; although of course those individuals who will throw things at an apparition, as a sort of rough test of its genuineness, cannot fairly complain of a little shabbiness, a certain darned and mended aspect, which will probably be observable in time. It is no secret that a certain well-known peer has completely spoiled the family ghost by thoughtlessly hurling his slipper and bootjack at its head, which ever after, to the great detriment of its expression, preserved the faint outlines of the homely missiles which had passed through it; indeed, the spirit, in consequence of its damaged condition, seldom ventures now to appear at all.

The estimation which this now-despised class formerly enjoyed, even in the eyes of the law, is strikingly shown by the well-known case of *Chanticlere v. Taurus*, which may be found by the curious in the reports of one of the Vesey's. There, as some readers outside the legal profession may perhaps remember, the Defendant attempted to avoid a contract to purchase a family mansion by the plea that it contained an ancestral apparition, which he did not require but which the vendor refused to take off his hands. But the subject of dispute, being actually produced in open court, conducted itself with such extreme propriety that the Court at

once held that it was a positive acquisition to any residence, and not only enforced the purchase but awarded the vendor an additional sum as compensation for the increased value. It is only too much to be feared that no judge in the modern Chancery Division would have the courage to follow this precedent, wise and enlightened as it was.

Much could be said in proof of the gratitude shown by Ghosts, and their appreciation of any kindness which may be shown to them, but space will not permit of any illustration of these virtues beyond a single incident from the life of the late Professor Moon. This distinguished man was passing by a piece of waste ground near Shepherd's Bush late one evening, when he observed a stray and apparently ownerless spirit, which for some inscrutable reason chose to attach itself to him.

Being a humane person, he could not bring himself to drive it away, so that for years, as soon as night drew on, it would follow him about like a dog—a proceeding which, though occasionally inconvenient, was at least well meant. Nor was this all, for when the Professor died, the apparition hovered gratuitously for some weeks above his grave; and though, as it was strikingly unlike him in personal appearance, this attention was a little misleading, there is something extremely touching in such disinterested devotion. It must not be forgotten, either, that one famous apparition has rendered Shakespearian commentators an invaluable service by doing more to set the vexed question of Hamlet's insanity at rest than Goethe and all the other eminent critics in combination. The human stage ghost of Hamlet's father having accidentally failed to appear at a performance of the tragedy in the provinces, an unknown but unmistakable phantom ambitiously stepped in to fill the gap—with such effect that it sent Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus, two stage carpenters, and the prompter all raving mad together.

These, then, are a few of the recommendations which these so-called useless and effete beings unquestionably possess; and now that they have been brought prominently before the public, the question can hardly fail to be asked, and with some anxiety, 'Can nothing be done to preserve so deserving a class from this impending extinction?' To this inquiry very little encouragement can be given, until the lower and middle classes are brought to take a more intelligent interest in the question than they do at present.

It is difficult to say how many apparitions have not been lost to us through the irreverent Vandalism which is so widely

prevalent. Conceive, for instance, the indignation of a real ghost at finding itself, as happened the other day, hideously travestied by a vulgar youth in a nightshirt and a tall white hat!

And want of thought and consideration is no less prejudicial. Not long ago a female apparition was discovered somewhere in the mining districts near a disused shaft, the exact place where a woman had been last seen long years before. It was recognised at once, and was producing an excellent impression in the locality—it might have been, with a little caution, permanently secured for the purposes of scientific observation—when the original woman was ungenerous enough to reappear in a living condition, after which, naturally, no more was seen of the phantom.

How can we hope to retain our apparitions amongst us if we allow them to be rendered ridiculous by such means as these?

From one quarter alone can the necessary aid be looked for with any hopefulness; all who have the welfare of ghosts at heart are now anxiously following the proceedings of the well-known Society for Psychical Research.

Yet even here, without some radical alteration in the course pursued, there seems but slight probability that these researches will prove really beneficial, although the Society is universally given credit, if not for being absolutely in favour of the perpetuation of phantoms, at least for maintaining a benevolent neutrality in the matter.

But their method is, the present writer ventures in all humility to suggest, a grave mistake, and calculated to defeat the very ends they presumably have in view. For, unless he is greatly misinformed, the Society, in pursuing their inquiries into this branch of the supernatural, aim at establishing such a complete investigation into the claims of an alleged apparition that the result, if satisfactory, will go far to give it, as it were, a registered title for ever. Unhappily, to attain this, they have thought it requisite to impose so severe a process of evidence-sifting and cross-examination, that the most straight-walking spectre can hardly be expected to emerge from it without a stain.

Now, one cannot expect to prove a phantom like a proposition; phantoms are not to be dealt with as an Old Bailey barrister treats a hostile witness—they have never been used to it. They require more delicate, more sympathetic handling; till now they have been accepted for what they represented themselves to be, and it is idle to suppose that a supernatural being with any self-respect whatever will consent to submit itself to a test compared

with which the examination for the Indian Civil Service is the merest form—a test, too, for which they are allowed no time to prepare themselves!

And for what object should they do this? Scarcely for a diploma which, to a shade of ordinary respectability, will be one of two things—a superfluity or an insult.

It would not be surprising if a persistence in this treatment were to hasten the end; and certainly, if the few decayed phantoms and reduced spectres yet in existence are to be preserved at all, if their ranks are to be recruited and set on a proper footing once more, the task must be approached in a spirit at once more conciliatory and more enterprising.

Suppose, for example, the Society were to employ some of the funds at their disposal in offering a handsome premium to any person discovering a genuine ghost in good or even fair condition—can there be any doubt that we should be gratified by an instant increase in the number of our nocturnal visitants?

Or they might import a selection of foreign varieties from the Continent, where they are understood to be more flourishing; and though the difficulties of acclimatisation, expense, and national prejudice are of course serious objections to this scheme, they are by no means insurmountable.

But, should the Society refuse to entertain these suggestions, they might, at least, when the next apparition is brought before them in imminent danger of having to retire for want of credit, refrain from insulting it in its extremity by a cold and cruel suspicion, and in common humanity assist it rather to recover something of its former position.

A timely grant of new properties and effects—if only a few lengths of chain and a pound or two of blue fire—would frequently be more than enough to awaken popular interest once more, and set many a distressed spectre going again.

The Society may, of course, in the pardonable pride of their experience in these matters, wholly disregard this humble remonstrance; but at least it will be impossible hereafter, when the last British Ghost has flickered out, and the nation is bewailing its forlornly phantomless condition—it will be impossible for the public in general, and the Society in particular, to deny that they have been respectfully warned in these pages of the disaster which awaited them.

F. ANSTEY,

Left out on Lone Star Mountain.

I.

THERE was little doubt that the 'Lone Star' claim was 'played out.' Not dug out, worked out, washed out—but *played* out. For two years its five sanguine proprietors had gone through the various stages of mining enthusiasm; had prospected and planned, dug and doubted. They had borrowed money with hearty but unredeeming frankness, established a credit with unselfish abnegation of all responsibility, and had borne the disappointment of their creditors with a cheerful resignation which only the consciousness of some deep Compensating Future could give. Giving little else, however, a singular dissatisfaction obtained with the traders, and, being accompanied with a reluctance to make further advances, at last touched the gentle stoicism of the proprietors themselves. The youthful enthusiasm which had at first lifted the most ineffectual trial—the most useless essay—to the plane of actual achievement, died out, leaving them only the dull, prosaic record of half-finished ditches, purposeless shafts, untenable pits, abandoned engines, and meaningless disruptions of the soil upon the 'Lone Star' claim, and empty flour sacks and pork barrels in the 'Lone Star' cabin.

They had borne their poverty—if that term could be applied to a light renunciation of all superfluities in food, dress, or ornament, ameliorated by the gentle depredations already alluded to—with unassuming levity. More than that: having segregated themselves from their fellow-miners of Red Gulch, and entered upon the possession of the little manzanita-thicketed valley five miles away, the failure of their enterprise had assumed in their eyes only the vague significance of the decline and fall of a general community, and to that extent relieved them of individual responsibility. It was easier for them to admit that the 'Lone Star' claim was 'played out' than confess to a personal bankruptcy. Moreover, they still retained the sacred right of criticism of Government, and rose superior in their private opinions to their own collective wisdom. Each one experienced a grateful

sense of the entire responsibility of the other four in the fate of their enterprise.

On December 24, 1863, a gentle rain was still falling over the length and breadth of the 'Lone Star' claim. It had been falling for several days, had already called a faint spring colour to the wan landscape, repairing with tender touches the ravages wrought by the proprietors, or charitably covering their faults. The ragged seams in gulch and cañon lost their harsh outlines, a thin green mantle faintly clothed the torn and abraded hillside. A few weeks more, and a veil of forgetfulness would be drawn over the feeble failures of the 'Lone Star' claim. The charming derelicts themselves, listening to the raindrops on the roof of their little cabin, gazed philosophically from the open door, and accepted the prospect as a moral discharge from their obligations. Four of the five partners were present. The 'Right' and 'Left Bowers,' 'Union Mills,' and 'the Judge.'

It is scarcely necessary to say that not one of these titles was the genuine name of its possessor. The Right and Left Bowers were two brothers; their sobriquets a cheerful adaptation from the favourite game of euchre, expressing their relative value in the camp. The mere fact that 'Union Mills' had at one time patched his trousers with an old flour sack legibly bearing that brand of its fabrication, was a tempting baptismal suggestion that the other partners could not forego. 'The Judge,' a singularly inequitable Missourian, with no knowledge whatever of the law, was an inspiration of gratuitous irony.

Union Mills, who had been for some time sitting placidly on the threshold with one leg exposed to the rain, from a sheer indolent inability to change his position, finally withdrew that weather-beaten member, and stood up. The movement more or less deranged the attitudes of the other partners, and was received with cynical disfavour. It was somewhat remarkable that, although generally giving the appearance of healthy youth and perfect physical condition, they one and all simulated the decrepitude of age and invalidism, and after limping about for a few moments, settled back again upon their bunks and stools in their former positions. The Left Bower lazily replaced a bandage that he had worn around his ankle for weeks without any apparent necessity, and the Judge scrutinised with tender solicitude the faded cicatrix of a scratch upon his arm. A passive hypochondria, borne of their isolation, was the last ludicrously pathetic touch to their situation.

The immediate cause of this commotion felt the necessity of an explanation.

'It would have been just as easy for you to have stayed outside with your business leg, instead of dragging it into private life in that obtrusive way,' retorted the Right Bower; 'but that exhaustive effort isn't going to fill the pork barrel. The grocery man at Dalton says—what's that he said?' he appealed lazily to the Judge.

'Said he reckoned the Lone Star was about played out, and he didn't want any more in his—thank you!' repeated the Judge with a mechanical effort of memory utterly devoid of personal or present interest.

'I always suspected that man after Grimshaw begun to deal with him,' said the Left Bower. 'They're just mean enough to join hands against us.' It was a fixed belief of the Lone Star partners that they were pursued by personal enmities.

'More than likely those new strangers over in the Fork have been paying cash and filled him up with conceit,' said Union Mills, trying to dry his leg by alternately beating it or rubbing it against the cabin wall. 'Once begin wrong with that kind of snipe and you drag everybody down with you.'

This vague conclusion was received with dead silence. Everybody had become interested in the speaker's peculiar method of drying his leg, to the exclusion of the previous topic. A few offered criticism—no one assistance.

'Who did the grocery man say that to?' asked the Right Bower, finally returning to the question.

'The Old Man,' answered the Judge.

'Of course,' ejaculated the Right Bower sarcastically.

'Of course,' echoed the other partners together. 'That's like him. The Old Man all over!'

It did not appear exactly what was like the Old Man, or why it was like him, but generally that he alone was responsible for the grocery man's defection. It was put more concisely by Union Mills.

'That comes of letting him go there! It's just a fair provocation to any man to have the Old Man sent to him. They can't—sorter—restrain themselves at him. He's enough to spoil the credit of the Rothschilds.'

'That's so,' chimed in the Judge. 'And look at his prospecting. Why, he was out two nights last week—all night—prospecting in the moonlight for blind leads—just out of sheer foolishness.'

'It was quite enough for me,' broke in the Left Bower, 'when the other day—you remember when—he proposed to us white men to settle down to plain ground sluicing—making "grub" wages just like any Chinaman. It just showed his idea of the Lone Star claim.'

'Well, I never said it afore,' added Union Mills, 'but when that one of the Mattison boys came over here to examine the claim with an eye to purchasin', it was the Old Man that took the conceit out of him. He just as good as admitted that a lot of work had got to be done afore any pay ore could be realised. Never even asked him over to the shanty here to jine us in a friendly game—just kept him, so to speak, to himself. And naturally the Mattisons didn't see it.'

A silence followed, broken only by the rain monotonously falling on the roof, and occasionally through the broad *adobe* chimney, where it provoked a retaliating hiss and splutter from the dying embers of the hearth. The Right Bower, with a sudden access of energy, drew the empty barrel before him, and taking a pack of well-worn cards from his pocket, began to make a 'solitaire' upon the lid. The others gazed at him with languid interest.

'Makin' it for anythin'?' asked Mills.

The Right Bower nodded.

The Judge and Left Bower, who were partly lying in their respective bunks, sat up to get a better view of the game. Union Mills slowly disengaged himself from the wall and leaned over the 'solitaire' player. The Right Bower turned the last card in a pause of almost thrilling suspense, and clapped it down on the lid with fateful emphasis.

'It went!' said the Judge in a voice of hushed respect. 'What did you make it for?' he almost whispered.

'To know if we'd make the break we talked about and vamose the Ranch. It's the *fifth* time to-day,' continued the Right Bower in a voice of gloomy significance. 'And it went agin bad cards too.'

'I ain't superstitious,' said the Judge, with awe and fatuity beaming from every line of his credulous face, 'but it's flyin' in the face of Providence to go agin such signs as that.'

'Make it again to see if the Old Man must go,' suggested the Left Bower.

The suggestion was received with favour, the three men gathering breathlessly around the player. Again the fateful cards were shuffled deliberately, placed in their mysterious com-

bination, with the same ominous result. Yet everybody seemed to breathe more freely, as if relieved from some responsibility, the Judge accepting this manifest expression of Providence with resigned self-righteousness.

'Yes, gentlemen,' resumed the Left Bower, serenely, as if a calm legal decision had just been recorded, 'we must not let any foolishness or sentiment get mixed up with this thing, but look at it like business men. The only sensible move is to get up and get out of the camp.'

'And the Old Man?' queried the Judge.

'The Old Man—hush!—he's coming.'

The doorway was darkened by a slight lissome shadow. It was the absent partner, otherwise known as 'the Old Man.' Need it be added that he was a *boy* of nineteen, with a slight down just clothing his upper lip!

'The creek is up over the ford, and I had to "shin" up a willow on the bank and swing myself across,' he said, with a quick frank laugh; 'but all the same, boys, it's going to clear up in about an hour—you bet. It's breaking away over Bald Mountain, and there's a sun flash on a bit of snow on Lone Peak. Look! you can see it from here. It's for all the world like Noah's dove just landed on Mount Ararat. It's a good omen.'

From sheer force of habit the men had momentarily brightened up at the Old Man's entrance. But the unblushing exhibition of degrading superstition shown in the last sentence recalled their just severity. They exchanged meaning glances. Union Mills uttered hopelessly to himself: 'Hell's full of such omens.'

Too occupied with his subject to notice this ominous reception, the Old Man continued: 'I reckon I struck a fresh lead in the new grocery man at the Crossing. He says he'll let the Judge have a pair of boots on credit, but he can't send them over here; and considering that the Judge has got to try them anyway, it don't seem to be asking too much for the Judge to go over there. He says he'll give us a barrel of pork and a bag of flour if we'll give him the right of using our tail-race and clean out the lower end of it.'

'It's the work of a Chinaman, and a four days' job,' broke in the Left Bower.

'It took one white man only two hours to clean out a third of it,' retorted the Old Man triumphantly, 'for I pitched in at once with a pick he let me have on credit, and did that amount

of work this morning, and told him the rest of you boys would finish it this afternoon.'

A slight gesture from the Right Bower checked an angry exclamation from the Left. The Old Man did not notice either, but, knitting his smooth young brow in a paternally reflective fashion, went on: 'You'll have to get a new pair of trousers, Mills, but as he doesn't keep clothing, we'll have to get some canvas and cut you out a pair. I traded off the beans he let me have for some tobacco for the Right Bower at the other shop, and got them to throw in a new pack of cards. These are about played out. We'll be wanting some brushwood for the fire; there's a heap in the hollow. Who's going to bring it in? It's the Judge's turn, isn't it? Why—what's the matter with you all?'

The restraint and evident uneasiness of his companions had at last touched him. He turned his frank young eyes upon them; they glanced helplessly at each other. Yet his first concern was for them—his first instinct paternal and protecting. He ran his eyes quickly over them; they were all there and apparently in their usual condition. 'Anything wrong with the claim?' he suggested.

Without looking at him the Right Bower rose, leaned against the open door with his hands behind him and his face towards the landscape, and said, apparently to the distant prospect: 'The claim's played out—the partnership's played out—and the sooner we skedaddle out of this the better. If,' he added, turning to the Old Man, 'if *you* want to stay—if you want to do Chinaman's work at Chinaman's wages—if you want to hang on to the charity of the traders at the Crossing—you can do it, and enjoy the prospects and the Noah's doves alone. But we're calculaten' to step out of it.'

'But I haven't said I wanted to do it *alone*,' protested the Old Man with a gesture of bewilderment.

'If these are your general ideas of the partnership,' continued the Right Bower, clinging to the established hypothesis of the other partners for support, 'it ain't ours, and the only way we can prove it is to stop the foolishness right here. We calculated to dissolve the partnership and strike out for ourselves elsewhere. You're no longer responsible for us, nor we for you. And we reckon it's the square thing to leave you the claim and the cabin, and all it contains. To prevent any trouble with the traders, we've drawn up a paper here——'

'With a bonus of fifty thousand dollars each down, and the rest to be settled on my children,' interrupted the Old Man, with a half-uneasy laugh. 'Of course. But——' he stopped suddenly, the blood dropped from his fresh cheek, and he again glanced quickly round the group. 'I don't think—I—I quite *sabe*, boys,' he added, with a slight tremor of voice and lip. 'If it's a conundrum, ask me an easier one.'

Any lingering doubt he might have had of their meaning was dispelled by the Judge. 'It's about the softest thing you kin drop into, Old Man,' he said confidentially; 'if I hadn't promised the other boys to go with them, and if I didn't need the best medical advice in Sacramento for my lungs, I'd just enjoy staying with you.'

'It gives a sorter freedom to a young fellow like you, Old Man—like goin' into the world on your own capital—that every Californian boy hasn't got,' said Union Mills, patronisingly.

'Of course it's rather hard papers on us, you know, givin' up everything, so to speak; but it's for your good, and we ain't goin' back on you,' said the Left Bower, 'are we, boys?'

The colour had returned to the Old Man's face a little more quickly and freely than usual. He picked up the hat he had cast down, put it on carefully over his brown curls, drew the flap down on the side towards his companions, and put his hands in his pockets. 'All right,' he said, in a slightly altered voice. 'When do you go?'

'To-day,' answered the Left Bower. 'We calculate to take a moonlight *pasear* over to the Cross Roads and meet the down stage at about twelve to-night. There's plenty of time yet,' he added, with a slight laugh; 'it's only three o'clock now.'

There was a dead silence. Even the rain withheld its continuous patter, a dumb, grey film covered the ashes of the hushed hearth. For the first time the Right Bower exhibited some slight embarrassment.

'I reckon it's held up for a spell,' he said, ostentatiously examining the weather, 'and we might as well take a run round the claim to see if we've forgotten nothing. Of course, we'll be back again,' he added hastily, without looking at the Old Man, 'before we go, you know.'

The others began to look for their hats, but so awkwardly and with such evident preoccupation of mind that it was not at first discovered that the Judge had his already on. This raised a laugh, as did also a clumsy stumble of Union Mills against

the pork barrel, although that gentleman took refuge from his confusion and secured a decent retreat by a gross exaggeration of his lameness, as he limped after the Right Bower. The Judge whistled feebly. The Left Bower, in a more ambitious effort to impart a certain gaiety to his exit, stopped on the threshold and said, as if in arch confidence to his companions, 'Darned if the Old Man don't look two inches higher since he became a proprietor,' laughed patronisingly, and vanished.

If the newly-made proprietor had increased in stature, he had not otherwise changed his demeanour. He remained in the same attitude until the last figure disappeared behind the fringe of buckeye that hid the distant highway. Then he walked slowly to the fire-place, and, leaning against the chimney, kicked the dying embers together with his foot. Something dropped and splattered in the film of hot ashes. Surely the rain had not yet ceased!

His high colour had already fled except for a spot on either cheek-bone that lent a brightness to his eyes. He glanced around the cabin. It looked familiar and yet strange. Rather, it looked strange *because* still familiar, and therefore incongruous with the new atmosphere that surrounded it—discordant with the echo of their last meeting and painfully accenting the change. There were the four 'bunks,' or sleeping berths, of his companions, each still bearing some traces of the individuality of its late occupant with a dumb loyalty that seemed to make their light-hearted defection monstrous. In the dead ashes of the Judge's pipe scattered on his shelf still lived his old fire; in the whittled and carved edges of the Left Bower's bunk still were the memories of bygone days of delicious indolence; in the bullet-holes clustered round a knot of one of the beams there was still the record of the Right Bower's old-time skill and practice; in the few engravings of female loveliness stuck upon each head board there were the proofs of their old extravagant devotion—all a mute protest to the change.

He remembered how a fatherless, truant schoolboy he had drifted into their adventurous nomadic life—itsself a life of grown-up truancy like his own—and became one of that gipsy family. How they had taken the place of relations and household in his boyish fancy—filling it with the unsubstantial pageantry of a child's play at grown-up existence—he knew only too well. But how, from being a pet and *protégé*, he had gradually and unconsciously asserted his own individuality and taken upon his younger

shoulders not only a poet's keen appreciation of that life, but its actual responsibilities and half-childish burdens, he never suspected. He had fondly believed that he was a neophyte in their ways—a novice in their charming faith and indolent creed—and they had encouraged it; now their renunciation of that faith could only be an excuse for a renunciation of *him*. The poetry that had for two years invested the material and sometimes even mean details of their existence was too much a part of himself to be lightly dispelled. The lesson of those ingenuous moralists failed, as such lessons are apt to fail; their discipline provoked but did not subdue; a rising indignation, stirred by a sense of injury, mounted to his cheek and eyes. It was slow to come, but was none the less violent that it had been preceded by the benumbing shock of shame and pride.

I hope I shall not prejudice the reader's sympathies if my duty as a simple chronicler compels me to state, therefore, that the sober second thought of this gentle poet was to burn down the cabin on the spot with all its contents. This yielded to a milder counsel—waiting for the return of the party, challenging the Right Bower, a duel to the death, perhaps himself the victim, with the crushing explanation *in extremis*, 'It seems we are *one* too many. No matter; it is settled now. Farewell!' Dimly remembering, however, that there was something of this in the last well-worn novel they had read together, and that his antagonist might recognise it, or even worse, anticipate it himself, the idea was quickly rejected. Besides, the opportunity for an apotheosis of self-sacrifice was past. Nothing remained now but to refuse the proffered bribe of claim and cabin by letter, for he must not wait their return. He tore a leaf from a blotted diary, begun and abandoned long since, and essayed to write. Scrawl after scrawl was torn up until his fury had cooled down to a frigid third personality. 'Mr. John Ford regrets to inform his late partners that their tender of house of furniture,' however, seemed too inconsistent with the pork-barrel table he was writing on; a more eloquent renunciation of their offer became frivolous and idiotic from a caricature of Union Mills, label and all, that appeared suddenly on the other side of the leaf; and when he at last indited a satisfactory and impassioned exposition of his feelings the legible *addendum* of 'Oh, ain't you glad you're out of the wilderness!'—the forgotten first line of a popular song, which no scratching would erase, seemed too like an ironical postscript to be thought of for a moment. He threw aside his pen and cast the

discordant record of past foolish pastime into the dead ashes of the hearth.

How quiet it was. With the cessation of the rain the wind too had gone down, and scarcely a breath of air came through the open door. He walked to the threshold and gazed on the hushed prospect. In this listless attitude he was faintly conscious of a distant reverberation, a mere phantom of sound—perhaps the explosion of a distant blast in the hills—that left the silence more marked and oppressive. As he turned again into the cabin a change seemed to have come over it. It already looked old and decayed. The loneliness of years of desertion seemed to have taken possession of it; the atmosphere of dry rot was in the beams and rafters. To his excited fancy the few disordered blankets and articles of clothing seemed dropping to pieces; in one of the bunks there was a hideous resemblance in the longitudinal heap of clothing to a withered and mummied corpse. So it might look in after years when some passing stranger—but he stopped. A dread of the place was beginning to creep over him; a dread of the days to come, when the monotonous sunshine should lay bare the loneliness of these walls; the long, long days of endless blue and cloudless overhanging solitude; summer days when the wearying, incessant trade winds should sing around that empty shell and voice its desolation. He gathered together hastily a few articles that were especially his own—rather that the free communion of the camp, from indifference or accident, had left wholly to him. He hesitated for a moment over his rifle, but, scrupulous in his wounded pride, turned away and left the familiar weapon that in the dark days had so often provided the dinner or breakfast of the little household. Candour compels me to state that his equipment was not large nor eminently practical. His scant pack was a light weight for even his young shoulders, but I fear he thought more of getting away from the Past than providing for the Future.

With this vague but sole purpose he left the cabin, and almost mechanically turned his steps towards the creek he had crossed that morning. He knew that by this route he would avoid meeting his companions; its difficulties and circuitousness would exercise his feverish limbs and give him time for reflection. He had determined to leave the claim, but whence he had not yet considered. He reached the bank of the creek where he had stood two hours before; it seemed to him two years. He looked curiously at his reflection in one of the broad pools of overflow

and fancied he looked older. He watched the rush and outset of the turbid current hurrying to meet the South Fork, and to eventually lose itself in the yellow Sacramento. Even in his preoccupation he was impressed with a likeness to himself and his companions in this flood that had burst its peaceful boundaries. In the drifting fragments of one of their forgotten flumes washed from the bank, he fancied he saw an omen of the disintegration and decay of the Lone Star claim.

The strange hush in the air that he had noticed before—a calm so inconsistent with that hour and the season as to seem portentous—became more marked in contrast to the feverish rush of the turbulent watercourse. A few clouds lazily huddled in the west apparently had gone to rest with the sun on beds of somnolent poppies. There was a gleam as of golden water everywhere along the horizon, washing out the cold snow peaks, and drowning even the rising moon. The Creek caught it here and there, until, in grim irony, it seemed to bear their broken sluice-boxes and useless engines on the very Pactolian stream they had been hopefully created to direct and carry. But by some peculiar trick of the atmosphere, the perfect plenitude of that golden sunset glory was lavished on the rugged sides and tangled crest of the Lone Star mountain. That isolated peak—the landmark of their claim, the gaunt monument of their folly—transfigured in the evening splendour, kept its radiance unquenched, long after the glow had fallen from the encompassing skies, and when at last the rising moon, step by step, put out the fires along the winding valley and plains, and crept up the bosky sides of the cañon, the vanishing sunset was lost only to reappear as a golden crown.

The eyes of the young man were fixed upon it with more than a momentary picturesque interest. It had been the favourite ground of his prospecting exploits, its lowest flank had been scarred in the old enthusiastic days with hydraulic engines, or pierced with shafts, but its central position in the claim and its superior height had always given it a commanding view of the extent of their valley and its approaches, and it was this practical pre-eminence that alone attracted him at that moment. He knew that from its crest he would be able to distinguish the figures of his companions, as they crossed the valley near the cabin, in the growing moonlight. Thus he could avoid encountering them on his way to the high road, and yet see them, perhaps, for the last time. Even in his sense of injury there was a strange satisfaction in the thought.

The ascent was toilsome, but familiar. All along the dim trail he was accompanied by gentler memories of the past, that seemed like the faint odour of spiced leaves and fragrant grasses wet with the rain and crushed beneath his ascending tread, to exhale the sweeter perfume in his effort to subdue or rise above them. There was the thicket of manzanita, where they had broken noonday bread together; here was the rock beside their maiden shaft, where they had poured a wild libation in boyish enthusiasm of success; and here the ledge where their first flag—a red shirt heroically sacrificed—was displayed from a long-handled shovel to the gaze of admirers below. When he at last reached the summit, the mysterious hush was still in the air, as if in breathless sympathy with his expedition. In the west, the plain was faintly illuminated, but disclosed no moving figures. He turned towards the rising moon, and moved slowly to the eastern edge. Suddenly he stopped. Another step would have been his last! He stood upon the crumbling edge of a precipice. A landslide had taken place on the eastern flank, leaving the gaunt ribs and fleshless bones of Lone Star Mountain bare in the moonlight. He understood now the strange rumble and reverberation he had heard; he understood now the strange hush of bird and beast in brake and thicket!

Although a single rapid glance convinced him that the slide had taken place in an unfrequented part of the mountain, above an inaccessible cañon, and reflection assured him his companions could not have reached that distance when it took place, a feverish impulse led him to descend a few rods in the track of the avalanche. The frequent recurrence of outcrop and angle made this comparatively easy. Here he called aloud; the feeble echo of his own voice seemed only a dull impertinence to the significant silence. He turned to reascend; the furrowed flank of the mountain before him lay full in the moonlight. To his excited fancy, a dozen luminous star-like points in the rocky crevices started into life as he faced them. Throwing his arm over the ledge above him, he supported himself for a moment by what appeared to be a projection of the solid rock. It trembled slightly. As he raised himself to its level, his heart stopped beating. It was simply a fragment detached from the outcrop lying loosely on the ledge but upholding him by *its own weight only*. He examined it with trembling fingers; the encumbering soil fell from its sides and left its smoothed and worn protuberances glistening in the moonlight. It was virgin gold!

Looking back upon that moment afterwards, he remembered that he was not dazed, dazzled, or startled. It did not come to him as a discovery or an accident, a stroke of chance or a caprice of fortune. He saw it all in that supreme moment; Nature had worked out their poor deduction. What their feeble engines had essayed spasmodically and helplessly against the curtain of soil that hid the treasure, the elements had achieved with mightier but more patient forces. The slow sapping of the winter rains had loosened the soil from the auriferous rock, even while the swollen stream was carrying their impotent and shattered engines to the sea. What mattered that his single arm could not lift the treasure he had found; what mattered that to unfix those glittering stars would still tax both skill and patience! The work was done—the goal was reached! even his boyish impatience was content with that. He rose slowly to his feet, unstrapped his long-handled shovel from his back, secured it in the crevice, and quietly regained the summit.

It was all his own! His own by right of discovery under the law of the land, and without accepting a favour from *them*. He recalled even the fact that it was *his* prospecting on the mountain that first suggested the existence of gold in the outcrop and the use of the hydraulic. *He* had never abandoned that belief, whatever the others had done. He dwelt somewhat indignantly to himself on this circumstance, and half unconsciously faced defiantly towards the plain below. But it was sleeping peacefully in the full sight of the moon, without life or motion. He looked at the stars, it was still far from midnight. His companions had no doubt long since returned to the cabin to prepare for their midnight journey. They were discussing him—perhaps laughing at him, or worse, pitying him and his bargain. Yet here was his bargain! A slight laugh he gave vent to here startled him a little, it sounded so hard and so unmirthful, and so unlike, as he oddly fancied what he really *thought*. But *what* did he think?

Nothing mean or revengeful; no, they never would say *that*. When he had taken out all the surface gold and put the mine in working order, he would send them each a draft for a thousand dollars. Of course, if they were ever ill or poor he would do more. One of the first, the very first things he should do would be to send them each a handsome gun and tell them that he only asked in return the old-fashioned rifle that once was his. Looking back at the moment in after years, he wondered that, with this exception, he made no plans for his own future, or the way he

should dispose of his newly acquired wealth. This was the more singular as it had been the custom of the five partners to lie awake at night, audibly comparing with each other what they would do in case they made a strike. He remembered how, Alnaschar like, they nearly separated once over a difference in the disposal of a hundred thousand dollars that they never had, nor expected to have. He remembered how Union Mills always began his career as a millionaire by a 'square meal' at Delmonico's; how the Right Bower's initial step was always a trip home 'to see his mother'; how the Left Bower would immediately placate the parents of his beloved with priceless gifts—(It may be parenthetically remarked that the parents and the beloved one were as hypothetical as the fortune); and how the Judge would make his first start as a capitalist by breaking a certain faro bank in Sacramento. He himself had been equally eloquent in extravagant fancy in those penniless days—he who now was quite cold and impassive beside the more extravagant reality.

How different it might have been! If they had only waited a day longer! if they had only broken their resolves to him kindly and parted in good will! How he would long ere this have rushed to greet them with the joyful news! How they would have danced around it, sung themselves hoarse, laughed down their enemies, and run up the flag triumphantly on the summit of the Lone Star mountain! How they would have crowned him 'the Old Man,' 'the hero of the camp!' How he would have told them the whole story; how some strange instinct had impelled him to ascend the summit, and how another step on that summit would have precipitated him into the cañon! And how—but what if somebody else—Union Mills or the Judge—had been the first discoverer? Might they not have meanly kept the secret from him; have selfishly helped themselves and done—

'What *you* are doing now.'

The hot blood rushed to his cheek, as if a strange voice were at his ear. For a moment he could not believe that it came from his own pale lips until he found himself speaking. He rose to his feet, tingling with shame, and began hurriedly to descend the mountain.

He would go to them, tell them of his discovery, let them give him his share, and leave them for ever. It was the only thing to be done—strange that he had not thought of it at once. Yet it was hard, very hard and cruel to be forced to meet them again. What had he done to suffer this mortification? For a

moment he actually hated this vulgar treasure that had for ever buried under its gross ponderability the light and careless past, and utterly crushed out the poetry of their old indolent happy existence.

He was sure to find them waiting at the cross-roads where the coach came past. It was three miles away, yet he could get there in time if he hastened. It was a wise and practical conclusion of his evening's work—a lame and impotent conclusion to his evening's indignation. No matter. They would perhaps at first think he had come to weakly follow them—perhaps they would at first doubt his story. No matter. He bit his lips to keep down the foolish rising tears, but still went blindly forward.

He saw not the beautiful night, cradled in the dark hills, swathed in luminous mists, and hushed in the awe of its own loveliness! Here and there the moon had laid her calm face on lake and overflow, and gone to sleep embracing them, until the whole plain seemed to be lifted into infinite quiet. Walking on as in a dream, the black, impenetrable barriers of skirting thickets opened and gave way to vague distances that it appeared impossible to reach—dim vistas that seemed unapproachable. Gradually he seemed himself to become a part of the mysterious night. He was becoming as pulseless, as calm, as passionless.

What was that? A shot in the direction of the cabin! yet so faint, so echoless, so ineffective in the vast silence, that he would have thought it his fancy but for the strange instinctive jar upon his sensitive nerves. Was it an accident, or was it an intentional signal to him? He stopped; it was not repeated—the silence reasserted itself, but this time with an ominous death-like suggestion. A sudden and terrible thought crossed his mind. He cast aside his pack and all encumbering weight, took a deep breath, lowered his head and darted like a deer in the direction of the challenge.

II.

The exodus of the seceding partners of the Lone Star claim had been scarcely an imposing one. For the first five minutes after quitting the cabin, the procession was straggling and vagabond. Unwonted exertion had exaggerated the lameness of some, and feebleness of moral purpose had predisposed the others to obtrusive musical exhibition. Union Mills limped and whistled with

affected abstraction; the Judge whistled and limped with affected earnestness. The Right Bower led the way with some show of definite design; the Left Bower followed with his hands in his pockets. The two feebler natures, drawn together in unconscious sympathy, looked vaguely at each other for support.

'You see,' said the Judge, suddenly, as if triumphantly concluding an argument, 'there ain't anything better for a young fellow than independence. Nature, so to speak, points the way. Look at the animals.'

'There's a skunk hereabouts,' said Union Mills, who was supposed to be gifted with aristocratically sensitive nostrils, 'within ten miles of this place; like as not crossing the Ridge. It's always my luck to happen out just at such times. I don't see the necessity anyhow of trapesing round the claim now if we calculate to leave it to-night.'

Both men waited to observe if the suggestion was taken up by the Right and Left Bower moodily plodding ahead. No response following, the Judge shamelessly abandoned his companion.

'You wouldn't stand snoopin' round instead of lettin' the Old Man get used to the idea alone? No; I could see all along that he was takin' it in—takin' it in—kindly but slowly, and I reckoned the best thing for us to do was to git up and git until he'd got round it.' The Judge's voice was slightly raised for the benefit of the two before him.

'Didn't he say,' remarked the Right Bower, stopping suddenly and facing the others—'didn't he say that that new trader was goin' to let him have some provisions anyway?'

Union Mills turned appealingly to the Judge; that gentleman was forced to reply, 'Yes; I remember distinctly he said it. It was one of the things I was particular about on his account,' responded the Judge, with the air of having arranged it all himself with the new trader. 'I remember I was easier in my mind about it.'

'But didn't he say,' queried the Left Bower, also stopping short, 'suthin' about it's being contingent on our doing some work on the race?'

The Judge turned for support to Union Mills, who, however, under the hollow pretence of preparing for a long conference, had luxuriously seated himself on a stump. The Judge sat down also, and replied hesitatingly, 'Well, yes! Us or him.'

'Us or him,' repeated the Right Bower, with gloomy irony. 'And you ain't quite clear in your mind, are you, if *you* haven't done the work already? You're just killing yourself with this

spontaneous, promiscuous, and premature overwork; that's what's the matter with you.'

'I reckon I heard somebody say suthin' about it's being a Chinaman's three-day job,' interpolated the Left Bower, with equal irony, 'but I ain't quite clear in my mind about that.'

'It'll be a sorter distraction for the Old Man,' said Union Mills, feebly—'kinder take his mind off his loneliness.'

Nobody taking the least notice of the remark, Union Mills stretched out his legs more comfortably and took out his pipe. He had scarcely done so when the Right Bower, wheeling suddenly, set off in the direction of the creek. The Left Bower, after a slight pause, followed without a word. The Judge, wisely conceiving it better to join the stronger party, ran feebly after him, and left Union Mills to bring up a weak and vacillating rear.

Their course, diverging from Lone Star Mountain, led them now directly to the bend of the creek—the base of their old ineffectual operations. Here was the beginning of the famous tail-race that skirted the new trader's claim, and then lost its way in a swampy hollow. It was choked with *débris*; a thin, yellow stream that once ran through it seemed to have stopped work when they did, and gone into greenish liquidation.

They had scarcely spoken during this brief journey, and had received no other explanation from the Right Bower, who led them, than that afforded by his mute example when he reached the race. Leaping into it without a word, he at once began to clear away the broken timbers and drift wood. Fired by the spectacle of what appeared to be a new and utterly frivolous game, the men gaily leaped after him, and were soon engaged in a fascinating struggle with the impeded race. The Judge forgot his lameness in springing over a broken sluice-box; Union Mills forgot his whistle in a happy imitation of a Chinese coolie's song. Nevertheless, after ten minutes of this mild dissipation, the pastime flagged; Union Mills was beginning to rub his leg when a distant rumble shook the earth. The men looked at each other; the diversion was complete; a languid discussion of the probabilities of its being an earthquake or a blast followed, in the midst of which the Right Bower, who was working a little in advance of the others, uttered a warning cry and leaped from the race. His companions had barely time to follow before a sudden and inexplicable rise in the waters of the creek sent a swift irruption of the flood through the race. In an instant its choked

and impeded channel was cleared, the race was free, and the scattered *débris* of logs and timber floated upon its easy current. Quick to take advantage of this labour-saving phenomenon, the Lone Star partners sprang into the water, and by disentangling and directing the eddying fragments completed their work.

'The Old Man oughter been here to see this,' said the Left Bower; 'it's just one o' them climaxes of poetic justice he's always huntin' up. It's easy to see what's happened. One o' them high-toned shrimps over in the Excelsior claim has put a blast in too near the creek. He's tumbled the bank into the creek and sent the back water down here just to wash out our race. That's what I call poetical retribution.'

'And who was it advised us to dam the creek below the race and make it do the same thing?' asked the Right Bower, moodily.

'That was one of the Old Man's ideas, I reckon,' said the Left Bower dubiously.

'And you remember,' broke in the Judge with animation, 'I allus said, "Go slow, go slow. You just hold on and suthin' will happen." And,' he added, triumphantly, 'you see suthin' *has* happened. I don't want to take credit to myself, but I reckoned on them Excelsior boys bein' fools, and took the chances.'

'And what if I happen to know that the Excelsior boys ain't blazin' to-day?' said the Right Bower, sarcastically.

As the Judge had evidently based his hypothesis on the alleged fact of a blast, he deftly evaded the point. 'I ain't saying the Old Man's head ain't level on some things; he wants a little more *sabe* of the world. He's improved a good deal in euchre lately, and in poker—well! he's got that sorter dreamy, listenin'-to-the-angels kind o' way that you can't exactly tell whether he's bluffin' or has got a full hand. Hasn't he?' he asked appealing to Union Mills.

But that gentleman, who had been watching the dark face of the Right Bower, preferred to take what he believed to be his cue from him. 'That ain't the question,' he said virtuously; 'we ain't takin' this step to make a card sharp out of him. We're not doin' Chinamen's work in this race to-day for that. No, sir! We're teachin' him to paddle his own canoe.' Not finding the sympathetic response he looked for in the Right Bower's face, he turned to the Left.

'I reckon we were teachin' him our canoe was too full,' was the Left Bower's unexpected reply. 'That's about the size of it.'

The Right Bower shot a rapid glance under his brows at his brother. The latter, with his hands in his pockets, stared unconsciously at the rushing water, and then quietly turned away. The Right Bower followed him. 'Are you goin' back on us?' he asked.

'Are you?' responded the other.

'No!'

'No, then it is,' returned the Left Bower quietly. The elder brother hesitated in half-angry embarrassment.

'Then what did you mean by saying we reckoned our canoe was too full?'

'Wasn't that our idea?' returned the Left Bower, indifferently. Confounded by this practical expression of his own unformulated good intentions, the Right Bower was staggered.

'Speakin' of the Old Man,' broke in the Judge, with characteristic infelicity, 'I reckon he'll sort o' miss us, times like these. We were allers runnin' him and bedevilin' him, after work, just to get him excited and amusin', and he'll kinder miss that sorter stimulin'. I reckon we'll miss it too—somewhat. Don't you remember, boys, the night we put up that little sell on him and made him believe we'd struck it rich in the bank of the creek, and get him so conceited, he wanted to go off and settle all our debts at once?'

'And how I came bustin' into the cabin with a pan full of iron pyrites and black sand,' chuckled Union Mills, continuing the reminiscences, 'and how them big grey eyes of his nearly bulged out of his head. Well, it's some satisfaction to know we did our duty by the young fellow even in those little things.' He turned for confirmation of their general disinterestedness to the Right Bower, but he was already striding away, uneasily conscious of the lazy following of the Left Bower, like a laggard conscience at his back. This movement again threw Union Mills and the Judge into feeble complicity in the rear, as the procession slowly straggled homeward from the creek.

Night had fallen. Their way lay through the shadow of Lone Star Mountain, deepened here and there by the slight bosky ridges that starting from its base crept across the plain like vast roots of its swelling trunk. The shadows were growing blacker as the moon began to assert itself over the rest of the valley, when the Right Bower halted suddenly on one of these ridges. The Left Bower lounged up to him, and stopped also, while the two others came up and completed the group. 'There's no light

in the shanty,' said the Right Bower in a low voice, half to himself and half in answer to their inquiring attitude. The men followed the direction of his finger. In the distance the black outline of the Lone Star cabin stood out distinctly in the illumined space. There was the blank, sightless, external glitter of moonlight on its two windows that seemed to reflect its dim vacancy—empty alike of light, and warmth, and motion.

'That's sing'lar,' said the Judge in an awed whisper.

The Left Bower, by simply altering the position of his hands in his trousers pockets, managed to suggest that he knew perfectly the meaning of it—had always known it—but that being now, so to speak, in the hands of Fate, he was callous to it. This much, at least, the elder brother read in his attitude. But anxiety at that moment was the controlling impulse of the Right Bower, as a certain superstitious remorse was the instinct of the two others, and without heeding the cynic, the three started at a rapid pace for the cabin.

They reached it silently, as the moon, now riding high in the heavens, seemed to touch it with the tender grace and hushed repose of a tomb. It was with something of this feeling that the Right Bower softly pushed open the door; it was with something of this dread that the two others lingered on the threshold, until the Right Bower, after vainly trying to stir the dead embers on the hearth into life with his foot, struck a match and lit their solitary candle. Its flickering light revealed the familiar interior unchanged in aught but one thing. The bunk that the Old Man had occupied was stripped of its blankets; the few cheap ornaments and photographs were gone; the rude poverty of the bare boards and scant pallet looked up at them unrelieved by the bright face and gracious youth that had once made them tolerable. In the grim irony of that exposure, their own penury was doubly conscious. The little knapsack, the tea-cup and coffee-pot that had hung near his bed, were gone also. The most indignant protest, the most pathetic of the letters he had composed and rejected, whose torn fragments still littered the floor, could never have spoken with the eloquence of this empty space! The men exchanged no words; the solitude of the cabin, instead of drawing them together, seemed to isolate each one in selfish distrust of the others. Even the unthinking garrulity of Union Mills and the Judge was checked. A moment later, when the Left Bower entered the cabin, his presence was scarcely noticed.

The silence was broken by a joyous exclamation from the

Judge. He had discovered the Old Man's rifle in the corner, where it had been at first overlooked. 'He ain't gone yet, gentlemen—for yer's his rifle,' he broke in, with a feverish return of volubility, and a high excited falsetto. 'He wouldn't have left this behind. No! I knowed it from the first. He's just outside a bit, foraging for wood and water. No, sir! Coming along here I said to Union Mills—didn't I?—"Bet your life the Old Man's not far off, even if he ain't in the cabin." Why, the moment I stepped foot——'

'And I said coming along,' interrupted Union Mills, with equally reviving mendacity, "'Like as not he's hangin' round yer and lyin' low just to give us a surprise." He! ho!'

'He's gone for good, and he left that rifle here on purpose,' said the Left Bower in a low voice, taking the weapon almost tenderly in his hands.

'Drop it then!' said the Right Bower. The voice was that of his brother, but suddenly changed with passion. The two other partners instinctively drew back in alarm.

'I'll not leave it here for the first comer,' said the Left Bower, calmly, 'because we've been fools and he too. It's too good a weapon for that.'

'Drop it I say!' said the Right Bower, with a savage stride towards him.

The younger brother brought the rifle to a half charge with a white face but a steady eye.

'Stop where you are!' he said collectedly. 'Don't row with *me*, because you haven't either the grit to stick to your ideas or the heart to confess them wrong. We've followed your lead, and—here we are! The camp's broken up—the Old Man's gone—and we're going. And as for the d——d rifle——'

'Drop it, do you hear!' shouted the Right Bower, clinging to that one idea with the blind pertinacity of rage and a losing cause. 'Drop it!'

The Left Bower drew back, but his brother had seized the barrel with both hands. There was a momentary struggle, a flash through the half-lighted cabin, and a shattering report. The two men fell back from each other; the rifle dropped on the floor between them.

The whole thing was over so quickly that the other two partners had not had time to obey their common impulse to separate them, and consequently even now could scarcely understand what had passed. It was over so quickly that the two

actors themselves walked back to their places, scarcely realising their own act.

A dead silence followed. The Judge and Union Mills looked at each other in dazed astonishment, and then nervously set about their former habits, apparently in that fatuous belief common to such natures, that they were ignoring a painful situation. The Judge drew the barrel towards him, picked up the cards and began mechanically to 'make a patience,' on which Union Mills gazed with ostentatious interest, but with eyes furtively conscious of the rigid figure of the Right Bower by the chimney and the abstracted face of the Left Bower at the door. Ten minutes had passed in this occupation, the Judge and Union Mills conversing in the furtive whispers of children unavoidably but fascinatedly present at a family quarrel, when a light step was heard upon the crackling brushwood outside, and the bright panting face of the Old Man appeared upon the threshold. There was a shout of joy; in another moment he was half-buried in the bosom of the Right Bower's shirt, half-dragged into the lap of the Judge, upsetting the barrel, and completely encompassed by the Left Bower and Union Mills. With the enthusiastic utterance of his name the spell was broken.

Happily unconscious of the previous excitement that had provoked this spontaneous unanimity of greeting, the Old Man, equally relieved, at once broke into a feverish announcement of his discovery. He painted the details, with, I fear, a slight exaggeration of colouring, due partly to his own excitement, and partly to justify their own. But he was strangely conscious that these bankrupt men appeared less elated with their personal interest in their stroke of fortune than with his own success. 'I told you he'd do it,' said the Judge, with a reckless unscrupulousness of statement that carried everybody with it—'Look at him! the game little pup.' 'O no! he ain't the right breed—is he?' echoed Union Mills with arch irony, while the Right and Left Bower, grasping either hand, pressed a proud but silent greeting that was half new to him, but wholly delicious. It was not without difficulty that he could at last prevail upon them to return with him to the scene of his discovery, or even then restrain them from attempting to carry him thither on their shoulders on the plea of his previous prolonged exertions. Once only there was a momentary embarrassment. 'Then you fired that shot to bring me back?' said the Old Man, gratefully. In the awkward silence that followed, the hands of the two brothers sought and grasped each

other, penitently. 'Yes,' interposed the Judge, with delicate tact, 'ye see the Right and Left Bower almost quarrelled to see which should be the first to fire for ye. I disremember which did ——' 'I never touched the trigger,' said the Left Bower, hastily. With a hurried backward kick, the Judge resumed, 'It went off sorter spontaneous.'

The difference in the sentiment of the procession that once more issued from the Lone Star cabin did not fail to show itself in each individual partner according to his temperament. The subtle tact of Union Mills, however, in expressing an awakened respect for their fortunate partner by addressing him, as if unconsciously, as 'Mr. Ford' was at first discomposing, but even this was forgotten in their breathless excitement as they neared the base of the mountain. When they had crossed the creek the Right Bower stopped reflectively.

'You say you heard the slide come down before you left the cabin?' he said, turning to the Old Man.

'Yes; but I did not know then what it was. It was about an hour and a half after you left,' was the reply.

'Then look here, boys,' continued the Right Bower with superstitious exultation; 'it was the *slide* that tumbled into the creek, overflowed it, and helped *us* clear out the race!'

It seemed so clearly that Providence had taken the partners of the Lone Star directly in hand that they faced the toilsome ascent of the mountain with the assurance of conquerors. They paused only on the summit to allow the Old Man to lead the way to the slope that held their treasure. He advanced cautiously to the edge of the crumbling cliff, stopped, looked bewildered, advanced again, and then remained white and immovable. In an instant the Right Bower was at his side.

'Is anything the matter? Don't—don't look so, Old Man, for God's sake!'

The Old Man pointed to the dull, smooth, black side of the mountain, without a crag, break, or protuberance, and said with ashen lips:

'It's gone!'

* * * * *

And it was gone! A *second* slide had taken place, stripping the flank of the mountain, and burying the treasure and the weak implement that had marked its side deep under a chaos of rock and *débris* at its base.

'Thank God!' The blank faces of his companions turned

quickly to the Right Bower. 'Thank God!' he repeated, with his arm round the neck of the Old Man. 'Had he stayed behind he would have been buried too.' He paused, and, pointing solemnly to the depths below, said, 'And thank God for showing us where we may yet labour for it in hope and patience like honest men.'

The men silently bowed their heads and slowly descended the mountain. But when they had reached the plain one of them called out to the others to watch a star that seemed to be rising and moving towards them over the hushed and sleeping valley.

'It's only the stage coach, boys,' said the Left Bower, smiling; 'the coach that was to take us away.'

In the security of their new-found fraternity they resolved to wait and see it pass. As it swept by with flash of light, beat of hoofs, and jingle of harness, the only real presence in the dreamy landscape, the driver shouted a hoarse greeting to the phantom partners, audible only to the Judge, who was nearest the vehicle.

'Did you hear—*did* you hear what he said, boys?' he gasped, turning to his companions. 'No! Shake hands all round, boys! God bless you all, boys! To think we didn't know it all this while!'

'Know what?'

'Merry Christmas!'

BRET HARTE.

Contrasts.

I.

BLYTHE winds that sing along the lea,
 White clouds in airy fleeces curl'd,
 Fresh reaches of a sapphire sea,
 A sound of laughter thro' the world.

A pair of lovers in a lane,
 A coy coquetting with a ring.
 A gleam of sun. A scud of rain.
 A day in Spring.

II.

Rough blasts that roar across the wold,
 Chill mists on mountain-summits spread,
 Black branches naked to the cold,
 The river frozen in its bed.

A grey head either side the fire,
 Dim eyes that watch each crackling splinter.
 A snowy roof. A snowy spire.
 A day in Winter.

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

The Ancestry of Birds.

SEATED on the dry hillside here, by the belted blue Mediterranean, I have picked up from the ground a bit of blanché and mouldering bone, well cleaned to my hand by the unconscious friendliness of the busy ants; and looking closely at it I recognise it at once, with a sympathetic sigh, for the solid welded tail-piece of some departed British tourist swallow. He came here like ourselves, no doubt, to escape the terrors of an English winter: but among these pine-clad Provençal summits some nameless calamity overtook him, from greedy kestrel or from native sportsman, and left him here, a sheer hulk, for the future contemplation of a wandering and lazy field-naturalist. Fit text, truly, for a sermon on the ancestry of birds; for this solid tail-bone of his tells more strangely than any other part of his whole anatomy the curious story of his evolution from some primitive lizard-like progenitor. Close by here, among the dry rosemary and large-leaved cistus by my side, a few weathered tips of naked basking limestone are peeping thirstily through the arid soil; and on one of these grey lichen-covered masses a motionless grey lizard sits sunning his limbs, in hue and spots just like the lichen itself, so that none but a sharp eye could detect his presence, or distinguish his little curling body from the jutting angles of the rock, to which it adapts itself with such marvellous accuracy. Only the restless sidelong glance from the quick up-turned eye, suffices to tell one that this is a living animal and not a piece of the lifeless stone on which it 'rests like a shadow.' A very snake the lizard looks in outline, with only a pair of sprawling fore-legs, and a pair of sprawling hind-legs, to distinguish him outwardly from his serpentine kin. Yet from some such lizard as this, my swallow and all other birds are ultimately descended; and from such a little creeping four-legged reptile, science has to undertake the evolutionary pedigree of the powerful eagle or the broad-winged albatross.

Reptiles are at present a small and dying race. They have seen their best days. But in the great secondary age, as

Tennyson graphically puts it, 'A monstrous eft was of old the lord and master of earth.' At the beginning of that time the mammals had not been developed at all; and even at its close they were but a feeble folk, represented only by weak creatures like the smaller pouched animals of Australia and Tasmania. Accordingly, during the secondary period, the reptiles had things everywhere pretty much their own way, ruling over the earth as absolutely as man and the mammals do now. Like all dominant types for the time being, they split up into many and various forms. In the sea, they became huge paddling enaliosaurians; on the dry land, they became great erect deinosaurians; in the air, they became terrible flying pterodactyls. For a vast epoch they inherited the earth; and then at last they began to fail, in competition with their own more developed descendants, the birds and mammals. One by one they died out before the face of the younger fauna, until at last only a few crocodiles and alligators, a few great snakes, and a few big turtles, remain amongst the wee skulking lizards and geckos to remind us of the enormous reptilian types that crowded the surface of the liassic oceans.

Long before the actual arrival of true birds upon the scene, however, sundry branches of the reptilian class had been gradually approximating to and foreshadowing the future flying things. Indeed, one may say that at an early period the central reptilian stock, consisting of the long, lithe, four-legged forms like the lizards, still closely allied in shape to their primitive newt-like and eel-like ancestors, began to divide laterally into sundry important branches. Some of them lost their limbs and became serpents; others acquired bony body-coverings and became turtles; but the vast majority went off in one of two directions, either as fish-like sea-saurians, or as bird-like land-saurians. It is with this last division alone that we shall have largely to deal in tracing out the pedigree of our existing birds. Their fossil remains supply us with many connecting links which help us to bridge over the distance between the modern representatives of the two classes. It is true, none of these links can be said to occupy an exactly intermediate place between reptiles and birds; none of them can be regarded as forming an actual part of the ancestry of our own swallows and pigeons: they are rather closely related collateral members of the family, than real factors in the central line of descent. But they at least serve to show that at and before the period when true birds first appeared upon earth,

many members of one great reptilian group had made immense advances in several distinct directions towards the perfected avian type.

Clearly, the first step towards the development of a bird must consist in acquiring a more or less upright habit: for the legs must be well differentiated into a large hind pair and a free fore pair, before the last can be further specialised into feathered wings; and the body must have acquired a forward poise before flying becomes a possible mode of locomotion. Such an upright habit is first foreshadowed in the larger-limbed and longer-legged lizards like the deinosaurs, which walked to some extent erect, and more particularly in some highly specialised reptiles like the iguanodon, which had large hind-legs and small fore-legs, and could walk or hop on the hind-legs alone, much after the fashion of a kangaroo, or still more of a jerboa or a chinchilla. Now, it is noticeable that the tendency to acquire the most rudimentary form of flying is common among animals of this semi-erect habit, especially when they frequent forests and jump about much from tree to tree. For example, among our modern mammals, the squirrels are a race much given to sitting on their hind-legs and using their paws as hands; while they are also much accustomed to jumping lightly from bough to bough: and some among them, the flying squirrels, have developed a sort of parachute consisting of an extensible skin between the fore and hind-legs, which they use to break their fall in descending to the ground. Again, among the lower monkey-like animals, the so-called flying lemur or galeopithecus has hit upon an exactly similar plan; while in the bats, a membrane which may be fairly called a wing has been evolved to a very high degree of perfection. Everywhere, the habit of living among trees or jumping from rocks tends to produce either parachute or wing-like organs; and in our own time the tendency is very fully displayed among a large number of forestine mammals.

During the secondary ages, however, it was the reptiles which took to thus developing a rudimentary flying mechanism. Even at the present day there are some modern lizards, the 'flying dragons' of popular natural history, which possess a parachute arrangement of the front ribs, and are so enabled to jump lightly from branch to branch, somewhat in the same manner as the flying squirrels. But this is an independent and comparatively late development of a flying apparatus among the reptiles, quite distinct in character from those which were in vogue among the

real and much more terrible flying dragons of the liassic and oolitic age. Far the most remarkable of these predecessors of the true birds were the pterodactyls whose bones we still find in our English cliffs at Lyme Regis and Whitby; creatures with a large reptilian head, fierce jaws set with sharp pointed teeth, and fore-arms prolonged into a great projecting finger so as to support a membranous wing or fold of skin, somewhat analogous to that of the bats. The pterodactyls do not stand anywhere in the regular line of descent towards the true birds; but they are interesting as showing that a general tendency then existed among the higher reptiles toward the development of a flying organ. In these frightful dragons, the organ of flight is formed by an immense prolongation of the last finger on each fore-leg, to a length about as great as that of the rest of the leg all put together. Between this long bony finger and the hind-leg there stretched in all probability a featherless wing like a bat's, by means of which the pterodactyl darted through the air and pounced down upon its cowering victims. As in birds, the bones were made very light, and filled with air instead of marrow; and all the other indications of the skeleton show that the creatures were specially designed for the function of flight. Imagine a cross between a vulture and a crocodile, and you have something like a vague mental picture of a pterodactyl.

But at the very time when the terrestrial reptilian type was branching out in one direction towards the ancestors of the pterodactyls, it was branching out in another direction towards the ancestors of the true birds. In the curious Lithographic Slate of Solenhofen we have preserved for us a great number of fossil forms with an extraordinary degree of perfection; and among these are several which help us on greatly from the reptilian to the avian structure. The Lithographic Slate is a member of the upper oolitic formation, and it is worked, as its name implies, for the purpose of producing stones for the process of lithography. But the same properties which make the slate in its present condition take so readily the impress of a letter or a sketch, made it in its earlier condition take the impress of the various organisms embedded as they fell in its soft mud. Even the forms and petals of early flowers washed down by floods into the half-formed mud-bank, have been thus preserved for us with wonderful minuteness. Most interesting of all for our present purpose, however, are the bones of contemporary reptiles and birds which this nature-printing rock encloses for the behoof of modern naturalists. One

such reptile, known as compsoognathus, may be regarded as filling among its own class the place filled amongst existing mammals by the kangaroo. It was a rather swan-like erect saurian, standing gracefully on its hind paws, with its fore-legs free, and probably dragging its round tail behind it on the ground as a support to steady its gait. The neck was long and arched, and the head small and bird-like in shape; but the jaws are armed with sharp and powerful teeth, as in the pterodactyls. Altogether, compsoognathus must have looked in outward appearance not at all unlike such birds as the auks and penguins, though its real structural affinities lie rather with the emus and cassowaries. The apteryx or kiwi of New Zealand, which is a bird that does not fly, because it has no wings worth mentioning to fly with, approaches even nearer in the combination of both points to this very bird-like oolitic reptile.

Even compsoognathus himself, however, though very closely allied to the true birds, cannot be held to stand as an actual point in the progressive pedigree, because in the very same Solenhofen slates we find a real feathered bird in person. Accordingly, as the two were thus contemporaries, the one could not possibly be the direct ancestor of the other. Nevertheless, it is certainly from some form very closely resembling compsoognathus that the true birds are descended. We have only to suppose such a reptile to acquire forestine habits, and to begin jumping freely from tree to tree, in order to set up the series of changes by which a true bird might be produced. But the first historical bird of which we know anything, the archæopteryx of the Solenhofen slate, still remains in many points essentially a reptile. It is only bird-like in two main particulars; its possession of rudimentary wings, and its possession of feathers. From the popular point of view, these two particulars are decisive in favour of its being considered a bird; but its anatomical structure is sufficient to make it at least half a reptile; and eminent authorities have differed (with their usual acrimony) as to whether it ought properly to be called a bird-like saurian or a lizard-like bird. There is nothing like a mere question of words such as this to set scientific men or theologians roundly by the ears for half a century together.

Archæopteryx, then, is just compsoognathus provided with rude wings and feathers, but in most other respects a good lizard. Unlike all modern birds, it has a long tail composed of twenty separate vertebræ; and opposite each vertebra stand two stout quill feathers, so that instead of forming a fan, as in our own

pigeons and turkeys, they form a long pinnate series like the leaflets of yonder palm-branch. These feathers, like all others, show traces of their origin from the scales of lizards. Moreover, in the jaw are planted some small conical teeth, the like of which of course exist in no living bird. The skeleton is for the most part reptilian; and though the legs are bird-like, they are not much more so than those of *compsognathus*, an unmixed reptile. Even the wings are more like the fore-legs, and could only be used for flight by the aid of a side membrane. Accordingly, we may say that we have lithographed for us in *archæopteryx* a specimen of the intermediate state, when reptiles were just in the very act of passing into birds. The scales and protuberances on the body had already developed into feathers; the fore-legs had already developed into rude and imperfect wings, and the feet had become decidedly bird-like; but as yet there was only a very small breast-bone, the tail remained in internal structure like that of a lizard, the jaws still contained pointed teeth, and the wing ended in a three-toed hand, while flight was probably as rudimentary as in the flying lemur and the flying squirrel. Nowhere in the organic series has geology supplied us with a better missing link than this uncouth and half-formed creature, nature's first tentative rough draft of the beautiful and exquisitely adapted modern birds.

Such an animal, once introduced, was sure to undergo further modification, to fit it more perfectly for its new sphere of action. In the first place, the tail was sure to grow shorter and shorter, by stress of natural selection, because a more fan-like organ would act better as a rudder to steer the flight than the long lizard-like tail of *archæopteryx*. In the second place, the general bony structure was sure to grow better adapted for flight, by the development of some such feature as the keeled breast-bone, and the general modification of the other parts (especially the wing) into better correspondence with their new function. At the same time, it must not be supposed that all intermediate birds would lose their reptilian features equally and symmetrically. Some for a time might retain one lizard-like peculiarity, say the teeth, and some might retain another, say sundry anatomical points in the structure of the skeleton. It was long indeed before the whole tribe of birds acquired the entire set of traits which we now regard as characteristic of their class. During the intervening period they kept varying in all directions, tentatively if one may say so, and thus the early forms of birds differ far more among

themselves than do any modern members of the feathered kingdom. In other words, when the full bird type was finally evolved, it proved so much better adapted to its airy mode of life than any other and earlier creature, that it lived down not only the rude reptilian pterodactyls, but also the simpler primæval forms of birds themselves: exactly as civilised European man is now living down, not only the elephants and buffaloes, but the Red Indian and the Australian black fellow as well.

Some of the varying primæval forms have been preserved for us as fossils in the chalk deposits of the Western States, which are of course later in date than the oolitic slates of Solenhofen, where we find the *compsognathus* and his cousin the *archæopteryx*. One of these first sketches, the *ichthyornis*, has a row of teeth in each jaw, and displays another strikingly early reptilian or fish-like peculiarity in the joints of its back-bone, which are cup-shaped or hollow on either side, exactly like those of a cod. This strange bird must have resembled an emu in many respects, and it might easily have devoured the large ganoid fish of this period with its formidable jaws. Still more reptilian in some particulars is the *hesperornis*, also found in the western American chalk. *Hesperornis* was a huge swimming ostrich, and it had pointed teeth like a crocodile's, set in a groove running down the jawbone. They were supported on stout fangs, in the same way as the teeth of its reptilian allies, the mosasaurs. Like the ostrich, *hesperornis* had a broad breast-bone, but this breast-bone was destitute of a keel, as is still the case in all the ostrich family. The wings were also very imperfect, like those of the cassowaries. In its tail, *hesperornis* resembled its predecessor, *archæopteryx*, so far as regards the lizard-like separateness of the vertebræ, except at the extreme end, where they were slightly massed together into the first resemblance of a ploughshare bone, such as the one I hold in my hand. Thus these two intermediate birds of the chalk period, though slightly more bird-like than their cousins of the oolitic age, still retained, each in its own way, many unmistakable relics of their descent from reptilian or almost amphibian ancestors. As usual, the further back we go, the more do we find all the lines converging towards a common centre.

The primitive teeth died slowly and gradually out as time went on. In the still later eocene deposits of the London clay in the Isle of Sheppey, we find the remains of a true bird, known as *odontopteryx*, in which the teeth have entirely coalesced with the beak, and have assumed the form of bony projections. Strict

biologists will tell us that these projections are not teeth at all, because true teeth are not bony in structure, and are developed from the skin of the gums. But such hair-splitting distinctions are of little value from the evolutionary point of view; the really important fact to observe is this, that while *hesperornis* has teeth in a groove, reptile fashion, *ichthyornis* has teeth in distinct sockets, mammal fashion, and *odontopteryx* has them reduced to bony projections from the bill, in a fashion all its own, thus leading the way to modern birds, in which the teeth are wholly wanting, and the bill alone remains. Indeed, among our existing kinds there are some which still keep up some dim memory of the *odontopteryx* stage; for the merganser, a swimming fish-eating bird, has bony ridges on its bill, which help it to grasp its prey; and the South American leaf-cutter has a double set of bony bosses on its beak and palate.

The most apparently distinctive feature of birds lies in the fact that they fly. It is this that gives them their feathers, their wings, and their peculiar bony structure. And yet, truism as such a statement sounds, there are a great many birds that do not fly: and it is among these terrestrial or swimming kinds that we must look for the nearest modern approaches to the primitive bird type. From the very beginning, birds had to endure the fierce competition of the mammals, which had been developed at a slightly earlier period; and they have for the most part taken almost entirely to the air, where alone they possess a distinct superiority over their mammalian compeers. There are certain spots, however, where mammals have been unable to penetrate, as in oceanic islands; and there are certain other spots which were insulated for a long period from the great continents, so that they possessed none of the higher classes of mammals, as in the case of Australia, South America, New Zealand, and South Africa. In these districts, terrestrial birds had a chance which they had not in the great circumpolar land tract, now divided into two portions, North America on the west, and Asia and Europe on the east. It is in Australia and the southern extremities of America and Africa, therefore, that we must look for the most antiquated forms of birds still surviving in the world at the present day.

The decadent and now almost extinct order of struthious birds, to which ostriches and cassowaries belong, supplies us with the best examples of such antique forms. These birds are all distinguished from every other known species, except the transitional

Solenhofen creature and a few other old types, by the fact that they have no keel to the flat breast-bone: a peculiarity which at once marks them out as not adapted for flight. Everyone whose anatomical studies have been carried on as far as the carving of a chicken or a pheasant for dinner knows that the two halves of the breast are divided by a sharp keel or edge protruding from the breast-bone; but in the ostrich and their allies such a keel is wanting, and the breast-bone is rounded and blunt. At one time these flat-chested birds were widely distributed over the whole world; for they are found in fossil forms from China to Peru; but as the mammalian race increased and multiplied and replenished the earth, only the best adapted keeled birds were able to hold their own against these four-legged competitors in the great continents. Thus the gigantic ostriches of the Isle of Sheppey and the great divers of the Western States died slowly out, leaving all their modern kindred to inhabit the less progressive southern hemisphere alone. Even there, the monstrous *æpyornis*, a huge stalking wingless bird, disappeared from Madagascar in the tertiary age, while the great moa of New Zealand, after living down to almost historical times, fell a victim at last to that very aggressive and hungry mammal, the Maori himself. This almost reduces the existing struthious types to three small and scattered colonies, in Australasia, South Africa, and South America respectively, though there are still probably a few ostriches left in some remote parts of the Asiatic continent.

The Australian ostrich kind are in many respects the most archaic and peculiar of all. Strangest among them is the kiwi or apteryx of New Zealand, that almost wholly wingless bird who may be seen any morning at the Zoo, gravely stalking up and down, like an important political prisoner, within the small enclosure to which tyrannical circumstances have temporarily confined him. The kiwi has feathers which closely resemble hair in texture, and his wings are so very rudimentary that they can only be properly observed at a post-mortem examination. His bones have no air-canals, and some of his internal anatomy is very abnormal. The cassowaries of the Papuan district are somewhat more bird-like in type, but they also preserve many antique features, especially in the relative smallness of the head and brain compared with the general size of the whole body. The Australian emus approach more closely to the true ostriches, and their feathers are far more feathery than those of the cassowary. In both these classes, however, the small and functionless

wings are destitute of plumes, which are only represented by a few stiff horny shafts. The true ostriches, including both the familiar African species and the South American rheas, have real wings with real feathers in them, though they can only use them to aid them in running, and not for the purpose of flight. They are therefore the most bird-like of their order, with small wings and very feathery plumes. We may fairly regard all these keelless and often almost wingless birds—the kiwis, cassowaries, emus, and ostriches—as the last survivors of a very ancient group, immediately descended from ancestors not unlike the toothed *hesperornis*, and never forced by circumstances to develop into the full avian type represented by the swallows, hawks, and herons. All of them are strictly terrestrial in their habits; none of them can fly in even the slightest degree; and the feathers of the most developed among them invariably lack the tiny barbules or small hooks which bind together the cross barbs in the feathers of the flying bird, so as to form a compact and resisting blade. It is this looseness of the cross barbs which gives ostrich plumes their light and fluffy appearance; while, pushed to an extreme in the cassowary and the kiwi, it makes the plumage of those ugly birds approximate in character to the hair of mammals. Though from the human and decorative point of view we may admire the fluffiness of ostrich plumes, it is obvious that, looked upon as a question of relative development, such loose floating barbs are far less advanced in type than the firm and tightly interlocked quill feathers of a goose or a raven, with which alone sustained flight is possible.

Except in such isolated countries where higher mammals do not, or did not till lately, exist, the power of flight, once acquired, was sure to be developed in a high degree. For the possession of feathers gives birds an advantage in this respect which enables even the little sparrows to hold their own in the midst of our crowded cities. Hence all other modern birds, except these lingering ostrich-like creatures, have keeled breast-bones, which imply their descent from forms adapted to true flight. They are linked to the ostriches, however, and therefore to the still earlier toothed ancestral types, by the South American tinamous, which are intermediate in various anatomical points (too intricate for a lazy man to go into here and now), between the two classes. Put briefly, one may say that these partridge-like Paraguayan birds are ostriches in the bones of their head, but game birds in those of the breast and body. This line of descent seems to lead us up

directly towards the cocks and hens, the pheasants, and the other scrapers. There are more marks of a primitive organisation, however, among the penguins, which are almost wingless swimming birds, belonging nearly to the same class as the ducks and geese; and we have reason otherwise to consider the penguins a very early form, since fowls resembling them in many particulars have been unearthed in the upper greensand. Here the wings are reduced to small rudiments, covered with bristly scale-like feathers, and so rigid that they can be only moved in the mass like fins by a single joint at the base. They are used, in fact, exactly in the same way as the flappers in seals, to assist the bird in diving. The habitual erect attitude of the penguins strongly recalls that of their reptilian ally, *Compsognathus*. From such an incomplete form as this, the gap is not great to the equally erect auks, the guillemots, the grebes, and other webfooted divers, which have short pointed wings with true quills, but without any extended power of flight. Some species, indeed, cannot fly at all, though the puffins and many other kinds can steer their way through the air with comparative ease. Thence to the cormorants, gulls, and ducks the transitions are slight and easy. We are thus led insensibly from almost wingless erect birds, like the penguins, through winged, but mainly swimming forms like the auks and divers, to creatures with such marvellous powers of flight as the frigate-birds, the petrels, and the albatrosses, which pass almost their whole life upon the wing. It must be remembered, however, that in this line of descent the comparatively wingless forms must be regarded as somewhat degenerate representatives of flying ancestors; for the presence of a keeled breast-bone almost conclusively proves hereditary connection with fully winged progenitors.

By far the greater number of modern birds belong to the still more strictly aerial orders of the perchers, the peckers, and the birds of prey. In almost all these cases, the power of flight is highly developed, and the bird type reaches its highest ideal point of typical excellence. Among the perchers, this perfection of form is best seen in the swallows, whose ceaseless and graceful curved evolutions everybody has seen with his own eyes; while among tropical varieties of the same type the birds of paradise, the sunbirds, and the orioles are the most conspicuous. Among the peckers, our own swifts closely simulate the swallow type, while their American relatives, the humming birds, in spite of their small size, possess a power of rapid flitting and of lightly poisoning

themselves in front of flowers which makes them in some ways the very fullest existing embodiment of the avian ideal. To the same order belong also those most intelligent of all birds, the parrots, whose large heads and crafty eyes mark them at once as the opposite pole from the small-browed, dull-eyed, stupid cassowaries. With them must be ranked the toucans, the barbets, the king-fishers, the trogons, and whole hosts of other beautiful southern creatures, among which the feathers have been variously modified into the most exquisite ornamental devices. As for the birds of prey, the eagles, vultures, falcons, hawks, owls, and ospreys must suffice by way of example.

Even among these central groups of birds, which have varied most and developed furthest from the primitive reptilian character, there are many kinds which retain here and there some small and isolated peculiarities of the ancestral forms. For example, among the duck-like birds, as we have already seen, a single group, that of the mergansers, still keeps up some faint memory of the original sharp teeth in the shape of a few horny projections along the edge of the beak. The tooth-billed pigeon of Samoa, a close relation of that early and extinct form the dodo, has also some rudiments of horny teeth; and the South American leaf-cutters, a primitive set of songless perchers, possess somewhat similar relics of the lost fangs. So, too, our earliest known bird, the *archæopteryx*, had three free claws on its fore limb or undeveloped wing; and traces of such claws turn up in sundry unconnected birds even now, no doubt by reversion to the almost forgotten ancestral type. In all modern birds, one of the three fingers which make up the pinion still remains free; and in some species this finger supports an evident claw, sometimes used as a spur for the purpose of fighting. In many thrushes a rudiment of this claw may be perceived in the shape of a small tubercle or knob at the end of the wing, thus pointing back directly to some remote four-footed and claw-bearing reptilian ancestor. Several plovers have spurs, and so has the spur-winged goose; while the horned screamer has two on each wing, which he uses with great effect in battling with his rivals. The Australian brush-turkeys have also the rudiment or last relic of a primitive pinion-claw.

There is another way in which modern birds still partially recall the peculiarities of their reptilian ancestors, and that is in the course of their individual development within the egg. No adult existing bird has all the bones of the tail distinct and separate, like those of the *archæopteryx*; the last joints are all

firmly welded together into a solid expanded piece, known from its queer shape as a ploughshare bone, such as the one which I am holding in my hand as the text for this discourse. The use of the ploughshare bone is to support the fan-like quill feathers of the tail, and also to shelter the oil-glands with whose contents the birds preen and dress their shining plumage, to secure them against the evil effects of damp or rain. But while the young chick is in the egg, all its tail bones still remain separate, as in the ancestral lizard-like bird and the still earlier ancestral lizard; it is only as the development of the embryo progresses that they become firmly united, as in modern forms. In other words, every young bird begins forming its tail as if it meant to be an archæopteryx, and only afterwards so far changes its mind as to become a crow or a sparrow. Similarly, no adult existing bird has true teeth; but the young of certain parrots show in the egg a set of peculiar little swellings inside the jaw, known as dental papillæ, and commonly found as the first stage of teeth in other animals. Moreover, these swellings are actually covered by a thin coat of dentine, the material of which true teeth are made. So here again the young parrot begins its development as though it meant to start a set of conical fangs in its jaw like those of the archæopteryx, but afterwards changes its mind and contents itself with a bill instead. Such symptoms as these point back surely though remotely to a far distant reptilian ancestry.

It is worth while noting, too, that the links which bind the birds to the reptiles, bind them also in part to the lower mammals. For the lowest existing mammal is that curious Australian creature known to the rough-and-ready classification of the colonists as the water-mole, and rejoicing in the various scientific aliases of the ornithorhyncus and the duck-billed platypus. Unsophisticated English people know the animal best, however, as 'the beast with a bill.' Now, there are many close resemblances between this strange Australian burrower, on the one hand, and such antiquated forms of birds as the New Zealand kiwi on the other. In many particulars, too, the water-mole recalls the structure of reptiles, and especially of the ichthyosaurus. In short, it is at once the most bird-like and the most reptile-like of mammals. Hence we may fairly conclude that birds and mammals are both descended by divergent lines from a single common reptilian ancestry. For, on the one hand, the kiwi, an early type of nocturnal bird, preserved for us in isolated New Zealand, has some marked reptilian and mammalian affinities, not only in the

external character of its hair-like feathers, but also in the more important structural points of its diaphragm, its movable vertebrae, and its keelless breast-bone, which are questions rather for the professed anatomist than for mere idle loungers basking lazily in the sun on a Provençal hill-side. And, on the other hand, the ornithorhyncus, an early type of burrowing aquatic mammal, preserved for us in isolated Australia, has marked reptilian affinities in its bony structure, and in the teeth implanted on its tongue; while it has also marked resemblances to the ducks and other swimming birds in the external features of its horny bill and webbed feet, besides being still more closely related to them in many of its less obvious anatomical peculiarities.

Birds, then, may be roughly described as reptiles with feathers. Professor Huxley was the first to see the real closeness of the connection between the two groups, and to unite them under a common name as Sauropsida. Strictly speaking, the only constant difference between them, the only one distinctive character of birds as a class, is the possession of feathers; and if, like uncompromising Karl Vogt, we insist upon calling archæopteryx a reptile, because of its anatomical peculiarities, even this solitary distinction must vanish utterly, leaving us no point of difference at all between the two classes. It must be remembered, of course, that all the other characters which we always have in our mind as part of the abstract idea of a bird are either not constant or not peculiar to birds alone. For instance, we usually think of a bird as a flying animal; but then, on the one hand, many birds, such as the ostriches, kiwis, penguins, and dodos, do not or did not fly at all; and on the other hand, many other creatures, such as the bats, flying squirrels, flying lemurs, pterodactyls, dragon-lizards, and butterflies, do or did once fly just as much as the birds. So with their other peculiarities: their habit of laying eggs descends to them from fish and reptiles; their nest-building propensities, which are wanting in some birds, are found in the Australian water-mole, in field-mice, and even in stickleback; and their horny bill, which is almost confined to them, nevertheless occurs again in the ornithorhyncus and in many turtles. In short, every other apparently distinctive point about birds except the possession of feathers either breaks down on examination or else descends to them directly from early unbirdlike ancestors. And the first feathered creature of which we know anything, archæopteryx, was at least as much of a reptile as of a bird.

GRANT ALLEN.

The Clerke's Tale.

IT was a suffocating evening early in August, and I left my work at the Foreign Office to plod home to dinner through the dusty Parks in the worst spirits. The wrongs of a junior clerk whose long-promised holiday had just been snatched away from him on the eve of fulfilment were boiling in me; I felt that they cried out for justice in a free country. Everything was prepared for this month's leave which was to have begun next day. My father had taken a house on one of the most attractive slopes above Grasmere, and the family residence in Lancaster Gate already bore that denuded and forlorn appearance which precedes a general domestic flight. We had breakfasted gaily, pic-nic fashion, with old and inadequate implements; we had prophesied with unabated cheerfulness dining with still fewer of the appliances of civilisation, the family plate being not lost but gone before to Grasmere. The house was in as uncomfortable a state as much packing and putting away could make it, for my people intended to spend between two and three months at 'Emerald Bank.' Here was I, with my wings outspread for flight, caught back and doomed to remain in solitude, with dismantled rooms and furniture lurking under dust sheets for company, and all because an unstable senior clerk suddenly declared that his health demanded instant change of air, instead of waiting to take his holiday later on as he had intended. The tale of woe is not complete, for Olga Fielding, to whom I had been but three weeks betrothed, was coming with us to Grasmere, and we had promised ourselves a month of unalloyed bliss amongst the Westmoreland hills before she was obliged to go back to her filial duties in Copenhagen. There, as her mother was dead, she had to preside over all matters social and domestic in her father's extensive establishment.

Gracious heavens! what an ill-arranged planet is this, and what a disorganised constitution was that miserable T.'s, to choose such a moment to be out of repair! In the first week of September Olga would have to follow her father, who had returned to Copenhagen, and we should meet no more till after Christmas. Was it

not enough to make a worm blaspheme? and the bang I gave the hall door on entering covered a vigorous expression of feeling.

Well, the news was broken to a dismayed and sympathetic circle. Olga, who had hitherto professed to consider me as likely to prove a very small addition to the natural features of the lake scenery, was quite overcome; there was some small balm in that. My mother was very unhappy. Even Barbara, the youngest of the family, and strong in the scorn of seventeen for matters of sentiment, forbore to jibe, and gave utterance to violent exclamations of regret, coupled with equally violent abuse of vague persons unknown.

My father, after the first natural shock of disgust, endeavoured to console me with unpalatable philosophy and the cold light of reason, remedies which always seem to be an insult offered to affliction, when applied to one's own case. 'It's hard on you, Harry, my boy, no doubt, and I'm sorry for it,' he said, in that sobering tone which strikes a chill through the greatest moments of excitement, and makes all previous emotion appear annoyingly ridiculous; 'but now you have entered on the serious duties of life, you can't learn too soon that work and not play is the object of a man's life. I'm not at all sure that——' 'Ah! how hor-r-rible,' broke in the soft voice of my betrothed, with the pretty careful intonation, and long-drawn ripple of the *r* which she had inherited from her Danish mother: 'dear Mr. Richardson, do not let us be reasonable to-night. What is the use of being British subjects if we may not have a great grumble? No, that poor boy is very badly treated, and it is all *fr-r-rightful*!' And my lady, unclasping her eloquent hands, approached the iron-grey parent for whom our affection had always been largely tempered with respect, and flinging one arm tightly round his neck, laid her pretty head with its crown of bronze ripples confidently on his robust black cloth shoulder.

My father no doubt experienced a slight shock; he was unaccustomed to such audacious treatment from the young. But he liked it, he certainly liked it; and planting a firm parental salute on the breezy coils, he left us to pour out our mutual woe at leisure.

That night I found it impossible to sleep. The atmosphere was so close and oppressive there seemed to be no air to breathe, and a dull feeling of undefined apprehension haunted me persistently through long hours of wakefulness and miserable brief dozes, refusing to be charmed away by the voice of reason. Hag-

gard, unrefreshed, and still conscious of the same vague foreboding clawing at my heart, I left that bed of suffering at an unwonted hour in the morning, and descended to the library, now a desert of bare boards, dotted about with precipitous islands under dusty cloths. Here a pipe, that unfailing comforter of dejected manhood, restored some balance to my disordered mind, but I still felt very depressed and was preparing to go forth and seek the restorative dear to every unhinged Briton, an early swim, when the door opened, and to my amazement Olga glided into the room, pale and drooping, with dark lines under her brown eyes. After mutual exclamations and greetings, I demanded the reason of her wan and dejected appearance. She did not answer at first, but turned her face away and tormented the braid on her travelling dress in silence. 'Well, if you *will* know, dear friend,' she said at last, with a charming gesture of resignation, 'I think your old Foreign Office has bewitched me. No, it is that unhappy T., who has the evil eye, for I have a feeling as if some danger was hanging over you, and I could not sleep all night for it. Oh, Harry!' continued the impetuous damsel, suddenly throwing aside the dignity with which she was wont to treat me, now that the worst was out, 'come away with us to-day. Never mind a thousand governments and clerkships! I will not go without you. Something dreadful will happen; you feel it too. You look fit for the hangman yourself.' It took me a long while to restore Olga to calmness. I laughed at her prognostications and was careful to betray no similar feelings on my own part. She was more or less convinced at last of the utter ruin it would be to my future prospects to desert my post, and we were reasonably resigned if not cheered by breakfast time.

Well, I saw them all off from Euston Station, and trailed away, a hapless victim, to my dreary task in the exalted gloom of Whitehall. That day seemed interminable; yet there was nothing to look forward to at the end of it, and still with the previous night's weight on my spirits, I started on my way back to the howling wilderness in Lancaster Gate.

Near Hyde Park Corner, where very few carriages remained to make hay of the dust, I was startled from melancholy reflection by a great bang on the back. Turning sharply round I confronted that athletic giant Jack Oliver, who had been at the same college as myself, and whom I had not met since we took our respective degrees at Oxford three years before. At Oriel I had been wont to write Jack down an ass, because his invariably boisterous spirits and perpetual athletics were at times a perfect nuisance, but in

my present forlorn condition his jolly face and infectious laugh were a real godsend.

We dined at the Club together, and afterwards went to the theatre, then smoked a pipe or two in company at Oliver's lodgings, so that it was towards one o'clock when I left him to return to Lancaster Gate. Walking along under the Park railings, the trees made occasional ghostly rustlings overhead; the air was very still and heavy in expectation of a travelling thunderstorm. The tall shut-up houses facing the Park looked as forbidding as so many mausoleums in the moonlight, and only the footsteps of a stray wayfarer here and there, or the welcome rattle of an occasional hansom, broke the strange stillness.

All the uncomfortable feelings of the last twenty-four hours, temporarily thrust back by Oliver's cheerful company, returned with overwhelming force. Indignant at being so befooled by what I declared to myself must be a dyspeptic imagination (though my acquaintance with dyspepsia was happily of the slightest), I argued fiercely with my own folly; but all in vain, that indescribable dead weight of apprehension still crushed my spirits. The senseless sense of unseen danger grew stronger at every yard. I was ready to roar for very disquietude of spirit. 'Confound it all,' I almost shouted, 'this is beyond a joke! What an abject piece of imbecility, for a man who has always flattered himself on having too much reason to fall a prey to any superstitious delusions whatever! I must be ill; if things go on like this to-morrow I shall give in, and go to old Burrows (the family *Æsculapius*) to be put together again.'

Meanwhile every step forward appeared to grow more and more difficult. A sudden sound of footsteps close behind most unaccountably paralysed my powers of locomotion, and filled me with a horrible dread. This was monstrous, with a kind of groan of disgust and misery over my own decrepitude, I resolutely turned round and waited till the steps reached me.

Merciful Heaven! What was this that came up, brushed past me and went on? My brain reeled, a cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, for, frantic as it may sound, it was *myself* that I saw go by. My exact image and counterpart came towards me, looked me full in the face with cold indifferent eyes, differing from mine only in their expression at the moment, and passed on, brushing me with the sleeve of a light overcoat, exactly like the one I wore. I noted with despairing recognition on the creature's left hand, which was raised, holding the unbuttoned flap of his

coat in front of him (a favourite trick of mine) the very ring Olga had given me a week ago, and which was also on my finger at that moment.

For one long minute I stood stupefied with horror, the next I darted forwards after that terribly familiar form, which crossed the street and went on towards our door. I felt sure that I must be mad, or in the clutches of some hideous nightmare. Oh! for some power to shake it off, and awake. But no! the area railings had a firm and chill reality when I touched them. My footsteps and those others sounded all too solidly on the deserted pavement. I even caught myself deliriously smiling at a peculiar trick of walking in the thing in front, with which Barbara had often taunted me. It was an extraordinary opportunity of seeing oneself as others see one, but what mortal could have availed himself of it under such circumstances?

I staggered on behind—*him*, unable to diminish the twenty yards or so that separated us. Would he stop at No. 204? The suspense was almost intolerable. He did. He disappeared through the door, though the only surviving family latch-key was in my hand. When I reached the door it was shut, and bore no signs of any unusual treatment. I *could* not go in; I could not follow into the house, and run the risk of meeting *that* on the dark stairs. A horror unspeakable had taken possession of my senses; I turned and fled, and spent uncounted hours in walking about the silent streets and squares, unconscious of the lapse of time.

The early sunshine aroused and cheered my scattered wits. Gradually the sounds of common life awakening brought back my reasoning faculties; the discordant cry of that bird of dawn, the early sweep, was as music in my ears, and seemed to make the dreadful night fade into remoteness and unreality.

I made my way back to Lancaster Gate, footsore and exhausted. The milkman was driving merrily up and down; when I reached our doorsteps, it seemed a year since I had last ascended them. I rushed up to my room; it was of course empty, the bed untouched. But—on the pillow and turned-down sheet, exactly where my head and shoulders would have been in the natural course of things, lay the ruins of a large bust, the *Hermes*, which had been wont to stand on a bracket over the head of the bed. This bracket my mother had frequently entreated me to replace by a firmer support; it had given way at last under the ponderous weight of the bust, which striking against the iron rail of the bed, had broken into the two or three murderous portions that reposed

on the pillow and sheet, the bracket only having chosen to glance off on to the floor. Had I been there Hermes must certainly have crushed my skull.

Thrilled with fresh emotion, but too exhausted then to meditate long over the event, I went slowly down to the dining-room, and fell asleep on the sofa. The old charwoman who appeared later with my breakfast, told me she had been startled by hearing a loud crash in the night, soon after the clock had struck one, but having been only half awake at the time, she had concluded it was the thunder of my boots being thrown out to await the morning's cleaning. She was now, however, much excited about it, and disposed to revel in a tragedy. I told her that I found the statue fallen on my bed, and that as it took three men to move it in a general way, I had been obliged to content myself with the sofa. The brief and matter-of-fact tone of my explanations quite failed to quell her exclamations of wonder and amazement, and she was not to be debarred from the pleasure of gloating over all the details of the tragedy which had been averted.

Since that night all has gone well with us. My blessed chief at the Foreign Office found means to let me go in a day or two, and our time at Grasmere was all we had expected it to be. After Christmas, to our great joy, Mr. Fielding gave up his house at Copenhagen, and came to live in London. Olga and I were married the following summer, and we have never again been disturbed by presentiments, apparitions, or any other subjects worthy to exercise the industry of the Society for Psychical Research.

M. C. VACHELL.

Madam.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

A LARGE drawing-room in a country house, in the perfect warmth, stillness and good order of after-dinner, awaiting the ladies coming in; the fire perfection, reflecting itself in all the polished brass and steel and tiles of the fireplace: the atmosphere just touched with the scent of the flowers on the tables; the piano open, with candles lit upon it: some pretty work laid out upon a stand near the fire, books on another, ready for use, velvet curtains drawn. The whole softly, fully lighted, a place full of every gentle luxury and comfort in perfection—the scene prepared, waiting only the actors in it.

It is curious to look into a centre of life like this, all ready for the human affairs about to be transacted there. Tragedy or comedy, who can tell which?—the clash of human wills, the encounter of hearts, or perhaps only that serene blending of kindred tastes and inclinations which makes domestic happiness. Who was coming in? A fair mother, with a flock of girls fairer still, a beautiful wife adding the last grace to the beautiful place? some fortunate man's crown of well-being and happiness, the nucleus of other happy homes to come?

A pause: the fire only crackling now and then, a little burst of flame puffing forth, the clock on the mantelpiece chiming softly. Then there entered alone a young lady about eighteen, in the simple white dinner dress of a home party, a tall slight girl, with smooth brown hair, and eyes for the moment enlarged with anxiety and troubled meaning. She came in not as the daughter of the house in ordinary circumstances comes in, to take her pleasant place, and begin her evening occupation whatever it may be. Her step was almost stealthy, like that of a pioneer, investigating anxiously if all was safe in a place full of danger. Her eyes, with the lids curved over them in an anxiety almost despairing, seemed to plunge into and search through and through the absolute tran-

quillity of this peaceful place. Then she said in a half-whisper, the intense tone of which was equal to a cry, 'Mother!' Nothing stirred: the place was so warm, so perfect, so happy; while this one human creature stood on the threshold gazing—as if it had a desert full of nothing but trouble and terror. She stood thus only for a moment and then disappeared. It was a painful intrusion, suggestive of everything that was most alien to the sentiment of the place: when she withdrew it fell again into that soft beaming of warmth and brightness waiting for the warmer interest to come.

The doorway in which she had stood for that momentary inspection, which was deep in a solid wall, with two doors, in case any breath of cold should enter, opened into a hall, very lofty and fine, a sort of centre to the quiet house. Here the light was dimmer, the place being deserted, though it had an air of habitation, and the fire still smouldered in the huge chimney, round which chairs were standing. Sounds of voices muffled by closed doors and curtains came from the further side where the dining-room was. The young lady shrank from this as if her noiseless motion could have been heard over the sounds of the male voices there. She hurried along to the other end of the hall, which lay in darkness with a glimmer of pale sky showing between the pillars from without. The outer doors were not yet shut. The inner glass door showed this paleness of night, with branches of trees tossing against a grey heaven full of flying clouds—the strangest weird contrast to all the warmth and luxury within. The girl shivered as she came in sight of that dreary outer world. This was the opening of the park in front of the house, a width of empty space, and beyond it the commotion of the wind, the stormy show of the coursing clouds. She went close to the door and gazed out, pressing her forehead against the glass, and searching the darkness, as she had done the light, with anxious eyes. She stood so for about five minutes, and then she breathed an impatient sigh. 'What is the good?' she said to herself half aloud.

Here something stirred near her which made her start, at first with an eager movement of hope. Then a low voice said—'No good at all, Miss Rosalind. Why should you mix yourself up with what's no concern of yours?'

Rosalind had started violently when she recognised the voice, but subdued herself while the other spoke. She answered, with quiet self-restraint: 'Is it you, Russell? What are you doing

here? You will make it impossible for me to do anything for you if you forget your own place!’

‘I am doing what my betters are doing, Miss Rosalind—looking out for Madam, just as you are.’

‘How dare you say such things? I——am looking out to see what sort of night it is. It is very stormy. Go away at once. You have no right to be here!’

‘I’ve been here longer than most folks—longer than them that has the best opinion of themselves;—longer than——’

‘Me perhaps,’ said Rosalind. ‘Yes, I know—you came before I was born; but you know what folly this is. Mamma,’ the girl said, with a certain tremor and hesitation, ‘will be very angry if she finds you here.’

‘I wish, Miss Rosalind, you’d have a little more respect for yourself. It goes against me to hear you say mamma. And your own dear mamma, that should have been lady of everything——’

‘Russell, I wish you would not be such a fool! My poor little mother that died when I was born. And you to keep up a grudge like this for so many years!’

‘And will, whatever you may say,’ cried the woman, under her breath; ‘and will, till I die, or till one of us——’

‘Go upstairs,’ said Rosalind peremptorily, ‘at once! What have you to do here? I don’t think you are safe in the house. If I had the power I should send you away.’

‘Miss Rosalind, you are as cruel as—— You have no heart. Me, that nursed you, and watched over you——’

‘It is too terrible a price to pay,’ cried the girl, stamping her foot on the floor. ‘Go! I will not have you here. If mamma finds you when she comes downstairs——’

The woman laughed. ‘She will ask what you are doing here, Miss Rosalind. It will not be only me she’ll fly out upon. What are you doing here? Who’s outside that interests you so? It interests us both, that’s the truth; only I am the one that knows the best.’

Rosalind’s white figure flew across the faint light. She grasped the shoulder of the dark shadow, almost invisible in the gloom. ‘Go!’ she cried in her ear, pushing Russell before her; the onslaught was so sudden and vehement, that the woman yielded and disappeared reluctantly, gliding away by one of the passages that led to the other part of the house. The girl stood panting and excited in the brief sudden fury of her passion, a miserable sense of failing faith and inability to explain to herself the circumstances in which

she was, heightening the fervour of her indignation. Were Russell's suspicions true? Had she been in the right all along? Those who take persistently the worst view of human nature are, alas! so often in the right. And what is there more terrible than the passion of defence and apology for one whom the heart begins to doubt? The girl was young, and in her rage and pain could scarcely keep herself from those vehement tears which are the primitive attribute of passion. How calm she could have been had she been quite, quite sure! How she had laughed at Russell's prejudices in the old days when all was well. She had even excused Russell, feeling that after all it was pretty of her nurse to return continually to the image of her first mistress—Rosalind's own mother—and that in the uneducated mind the prepossession against a stepmother, the wrath with which the woman saw her own nursling supplanted, had a sort of feudal flavour which was rather agreeable than otherwise.

Rosalind had pardoned Russell as Mrs. Trevanion herself had pardoned her. So long as all was well: so long as there was nothing mysterious, nothing that baffled the spectator in the object of Russell's animadversions. But now something had fallen into life which changed it altogether. To defend those we love from undeserved accusations is so easy. And in books and plays, and every other exhibition of human nature in fiction, the accused always possesses the full confidence of those who love him. In ordinary cases they will not even hear any explanation of equivocal circumstances—they know that guilt is impossible: it is only those who do not know him who can believe anything so monstrous. Alas! this is not so in common life—the most loving and believing cannot always have that sublime faith. Sometimes doubt and fear gnaw the very souls of those who are the champions, the advocates, the warmest partizans of the accused. This terrible canker had got into Rosalind's being. She loved her step-mother with enthusiasm. She was ready to die in her defence. She would not listen to the terrible murmur in her own heart: but yet it was there. And as she stood and gazed out upon the park, upon the wild bit of stormy sky, with the black tree-tops waving wildly against it, she was miserable, as miserable as a heart of eighteen ever was. Where had Madam gone, hurrying from the dinner-table where she had smiled and talked and given no sign of trouble? She was not in her room, nor in the nursery, nor anywhere that Rosalind could think of. It was in reality a confession of despair, a sort of giving up of

the cause altogether when the girl came to spy out into the wintry world outside and look for the fugitive there.

Rosalind had resisted the impulse to do so for many an evening. She had paused by stealth in the dark window above in the corridor, and blushed for herself and fled from that spy's place. But by force of trouble and doubt and anguish her scruples had been overcome, and now she had accepted for herself this position of spy. If her fears had been verified, and she had seen her mother cross that vacant space and steal into the house, what the better would she have been? But there is in suspicion a wild curiosity, an eagerness for certainty, which grows like a fever. She had come to feel that she must know—whatever happened she must be satisfied—come what would, that would be better than the gnawing of this suspense. And she had another object too. Her father was an invalid, exacting and fretful. If his wife was not ready at his call whenever he wanted her, his displeasure was unbounded: and of late it had happened many times that his wife had not been at his call. The scenes that had followed, the reproaches, the insults even, to which the woman whom she called mother had been subjected, had made Rosalind's heart sick. If she could but see her, hasten her return, venture to call her, to bid her come quick, quick! it would be something. The girl was not philosopher enough to say to herself that Madam would not come a moment the sooner for being thus watched for. It takes a great deal of philosophy to convince an anxious woman of this in any circumstances, and Rosalind was in the pangs of a first trouble, the earliest anguish she had ever known. After she had driven Russell away, she stood with her face pressed against the glass and all her senses gone into her eyes and ears. She heard, she thought, the twitter of the twigs in the wind, the sharp sound now and then of one which broke and fell, which was like a foot-step on the path: besides the louder sweep of the tree tops in the wind, and on the other hand the muffled and faint sound of life from the dining-room, every variation in which kept her in alarm.

But it was in vain she gazed; nothing crossed the park except the sweep of the clouds driven along the sky; nothing sounded in the air except the wind, the trees, and sometimes the opening of a distant door or clap of a gate; until the dining-room became more audible, a sound of chairs pushed back and voices rising, warning the watcher. She flew like an arrow through the hall, and burst into the still sanctuary of domestic warmth and tranquillity as if she had been a hunted creature escaping from a

fatal pursuit with her enemies at her heels. Her hands were like ice, her slight figure shivering with cold, yet her heart beating so that she could scarcely draw her breath. All this must disappear before the gentlemen came in. It was Rosalind's first experience in that strange art which comes naturally to a woman, of obliterating herself and her own sensations; but how was she to still her pulse, to restore her colour, to bring warmth to her chilled heart? She felt sure that her misery, her anguish of suspense, her appalling doubts and terrors, must be written in her face; but it was not so. The emergency brought back a rush of the warm blood tingling to her fingers' ends. Oh never, never, through her, must the mother she loved be betrayed! That brave impulse brought colour to her cheek and strength to her heart. She made one or two of those minute changes in the room which a woman always finds occasion for, drawing the card table into a position more exactly like that which her father approved, giving an easier angle to his chair, with a touch moving that of Madam into position as if it had been risen from that moment. Then Rosalind took up the delicate work that lay on the table, and when the gentlemen entered, was seated on a low seat within the circle of the shaded lamp, warm in the glow of the genial fireside, her pretty head bent a little over her pretty industry, her hands busy. She who had been the image of anxiety and unrest a moment before, was now the culminating point of all the soft domestic tranquillity, luxury, boundless content and peace, of which this silent room was the home. She looked up with a smile to greet them as they came in. The brave girl had recovered her sweet looks, her colour, and air of youthful composure and self-possession, by sheer force of will, and strain of the crisis in which she stood to maintain the honour of the family at every hazard. She had been able to do that, but she could not yet for the moment trust herself to speak.

CHAPTER II.

THE gentlemen who came into the drawing-room at Highcourt were four in number: the master of the house, his brother, the doctor, and a young man fresh from the university who was a visitor. Mr. Trevanion was an invalid; he had been a tall man, of what is called aristocratic appearance; a man with fine clearly cut features, holding his head high, with an air 'as if all the world

belonged to him.' These fine features were contracted by an expression of fastidious discontent and dissatisfaction which is not unusually associated with such universal proprietorship, and illness had taken the flesh from his bones, and drawn the ivory skin tightly over the high nose and tall narrow forehead. His lips were thin and querulous, his shoulders stooping, his person as thin and angular as human form could be. When he had warmed his ghostly hands at the fire, and seated himself in his accustomed chair, he cast a look round him as if seeking some subject of complaint. His eyes were blue, very cold, deficient in colour, and looked out from amid the puckers of his eyelids with the most unquestionable meaning. They seemed to demand something to object to, and this want is one which is always supplied. The search was but momentary, so that he scarcely seemed to have entered the room before he asked 'Where is your mother?' in a high-pitched querulous voice.

Mr. John Trevanion had followed his brother to the fire and stood now with his back to the blaze looking at Rosalind. His name was not in reality John, but something much more ornamental and refined; but society had availed itself of its well-known propensity in a more judicious manner than usual, and re-christened him with the short and manly monosyllable which suited his character. He was a man who had been a great deal about the world, and had discovered of how little importance was a Trevanion of Highcourt, and yet how it simplified life to possess a well-known name. One of these discoveries without the other is not improving to the character, but taken together the result is mellowing and happy. He was very tolerant, very considerate, a man who judged no one, yet formed very shrewd opinions of his own upon which he was apt to act, even while putting forth every excuse and acknowledging every extenuating circumstance. He looked at Rosalind with a certain veiled anxiety in his eyes, attending her answer with solicitude; but to all appearance he was only spreading himself out as an Englishman loves to do before the clear glowing fire. Dr. Beaton had gone as far away as possible from that brilliant centre. He was stout, and disapproved, he said, 'on principle,' of the habit of gathering round the fireside. 'Let the room be properly warmed,' he was in the habit of saying, 'but don't let us bask in the heat like the dogues,' for the doctor was Scotch and betrayed now and then in a pronunciation, and always in accent, his northern origin. He had seated himself on the other side of the card-table, ready for the invariable game.

Young Roland Hamerton, the Christchurch man, immediately gravitated towards Rosalind, who, to tell the truth, could not have given less attention to him had he been one of the above-mentioned 'dogues.'

'Where is your mother?' Mr. Trevanion said, looking round for matter of offence.

'Oh!' said Rosalind, with a quick drawing of her breath; 'mamma has gone for a moment to the nursery—I suppose.' She drew breath again before the last two words, thus separating them from what had gone before—a little artifice which Uncle John perceived, but no one else.

'Now this is a strange thing,' said Mr. Trevanion, 'that in my own house, and in my failing state of health, I cannot secure my own wife's attention at the one moment in the day when she is indispensable to me. The nursery! What is there to do in the nursery? Is not Russell there? If the woman is not fit to be trusted, let her be discharged at once and some one else got.'

'Oh! it is not that there is any doubt about Russell, papa, only one likes to see for oneself.'

'Then why can't she send you to see for yourself. This is treatment I am not accustomed to. Oh, what do I say? Not accustomed to it! Of course I am accustomed to be neglected by everybody. A brat of a child that never ailed anything in its life is to be watched over, while I, a dying man, must take my chance. I have put up with it for years, always hoping that at last—— But the worm will turn, you know; the most patient will break down. If I am to wait night after night for the one amusement, the one little pleasure such as it is—— Night after night! I appeal to you, doctor, whether Mrs. Trevanion has been ready once in the last fortnight. The only thing that I ask of her—the sole paltry little complaisance!'——

He spoke very quickly, allowing no possibility of interruption, till his voice, if we may use such a word, overran itself and died away for want of breath.

'My dear sir,' said the doctor, taking up the cards, 'we are just enough for our rubber; and as I have often remarked, though I bow to the superiority of the ladies in most things, whist in my opinion is altogether a masculine game. Will you cut for the deal?'

But by this time Mr. Trevanion had recovered his breath. 'It is what I will not put up with,' he said; 'everybody in this house relies upon my goodnature. I am always the *souffre-douleur*.

When a man is too easy he is taken advantage of on all hands. Where is your mother? Oh, I mean your stepmother, Rosalind; her blood is not in your veins, thank heaven! You are a good child; I have no reason to find fault with you. Where is she? The nursery? I don't believe anything about the nursery. She is with some of her low friends; yes, she has low friends. Hold your tongue, John; am I or am I not the person that knows best about my own wife? Where is your mistress? Where is Madam? Don't stand there looking like a stuck pig, but speak!

This was addressed to an unlucky footman who had come in prowling on one of the anonymous errands of domestic service—to see if the fire wanted looking to—if there were any coffee cups unremoved—perhaps on a mission of curiosity too. Mr. Trevanion was the terror of the house. The man turned pale and lost his self-command. 'I—I don't know, sir. I—I think, sir, as Madam—I—I'll send Mr. Dorrington, sir,' the unfortunate said.

John Trevanion gave his niece an imperative look, saying low 'Go and tell her.' Rosalind rose trembling and put down her work. The footman had fled, and young Hamerton, hurrying to open the door to her (which was never shut) got in her way and brought upon himself a glance of wrath which made him tremble. He retreated with a chill running through him, wondering if the Trevanion temper was in her too, while the master of the house resumed. However well understood such explosions of family disturbance may be, they are always embarrassing and uncomfortable to visitors, and young Hamerton was not used to them and did not know what to make of himself. He withdrew to the darker end of the room, where it opened into a very dimly lighted conservatory, while the doctor shuffled the cards, letting them drop audibly through his fingers, and now and then attempting to divert the flood of rising rage by a remark. 'Bless me,' he said, 'I wish I had been dealing in earnest; what a bonnie thing for a trump card!'—and, 'A little further from the fire, Mr. Trevanion, you are getting over-heated; come, sir, the young fellow will take a hand to begin with, and after the first round another player can cut in.' These running interruptions, however, were of little service; Mr. Trevanion's admirable goodnature which was always imposed upon; his longsuffering which everybody knew; the advantage the household took of him; the special sins of his wife for whom he had done everything—'everything!' he cried; 'I took her without a penny or a friend, and this is how she repays me,' afforded endless scope. It was nothing

to him in his passion that he disclosed what had been the secrets of his life ; and, indeed, by this time, after the perpetual self-revelation of these fits of passion there were few secrets left to keep. His ivory countenance reddened, his thin hands gesticulated, he leaned forward in his chair, drawing up the sharp angles of his knees, as he harangued about himself and his virtues and wrongs. His brother stood and listened, gazing blankly before him as if he heard nothing. The doctor sat behind dropping the cards from one hand to another with a little rustling sound, and interposing little sentences of soothing and gentle remonstrance, while the young man, ashamed to be thus forced into the confidence of the family, edged step by step further away into the conservatory till he got to the end, where was nothing but a transparent wall of glass between him and the agitations of the stormy night.

Rosalind stole out into the hall with a beating heart. Her father's sharp voice still echoed in her ears, and she had an angry and ashamed consciousness that the footman who had hurried from the room before her, and perhaps other servants, excited by the crisis, were watching her and commenting upon the indecision with which she stood, not knowing what to do. 'Go and tell her.' How easy it was to say so ! Oh, if she but knew where to go, how to find her, how to save her not only from domestic strife but from the gnawing worm of suspicion and doubt which Rosalind felt in her own heart ! What was she to do ? Should she go upstairs again and look through all the rooms, though she knew it would be in vain ? To disarm her father's rage, to smooth over this moment of misery and put things back on their old footing, the girl would have done anything ; but as the moments passed she became more and more aware that this was not nearly all that was wanted, that even she herself, loving Mrs. Trevanion with all her heart, required more. Her judgment cried out for more. She wanted explanation ; a reason for these strange disappearances. Why should she choose that time of all others when her absence must be so much remarked ; and where, oh, where did she go ? Rosalind stood with a sort of stupefied sense of incapacity in the hall. She would not go back. She could not pretend to make a search which she knew to be useless. She could not rush to the door again and watch there, with the risk of being followed and found at that post, and thus betray her suspicion that her mother was out of the house. She went and stood by one of the pillars and leant against it, clasping her hands upon her heart and trying to calm herself and to find

some expedient. Could she say that little Jack was ill, that something had happened? in the confusion of her mind she almost lost the boundary between falsehood and truth; but then the doctor would be sent to see what was the matter, and everything would be worse instead of better. She stood thus against the pillar and did not move, trying to think, in a whirl of painful imaginations and self-questionings, feeling every moment an hour. Oh, if she could but take it upon herself, and bear the weight, whatever it might be; but she was helpless and could do nothing save wait there, hidden, trembling, full of misery, till something should happen to set her free.

Young Hamerton in the conservatory naturally had none of these fears. He thought that old Trevanion was (as indeed everybody knew) an old tyrant, a selfish, ill-tempered egoist, caring for nothing but his own indulgences. How he did treat that poor woman, to be sure! a woman far too good for him whether it was true or not that he had married her without a penny. He remembered vaguely that he had never heard who Madam Trevanion was before her marriage. But what of that? He knew what she was: a woman still full of grace and charm, though she was no longer in her first youth. And what a life that old curmudgeon, that selfish old skeleton, with all his fantastical complaints, led her! When a young man has the sort of chivalrous admiration for an elder woman which Roland Hamerton felt for the mistress of this house, he becomes sharp to see the curious subjection, the cruelty of circumstances, the domestic oppressions which encircle so many. And Madam Trevanion was more badly off, more deeply tried, than any other woman, far or near. She was full of spirit and intelligence, and interest in the higher matters of life; yet she was bound to this fretful master, who would not let her out of his sight, who cared for nothing better than a Society newspaper, and who demanded absolute devotion, and the submission of all his wife's wishes and faculties to his. Poor lady! no wonder if she were glad to escape now and then for a moment, to get out of hearing of his sharp voice which went through your ears like a skewer.

While these thoughts went through young Hamerton's mind he had gradually made his way through the conservatory, in which there was but one dim lamp burning, to the further part which projected out some way with a rounded end into the lawn which immediately surrounded the house. He was much startled, as he looked cautiously forth, without being aware that he was looking,

to see something moving, like a repetition of the waving branches and clouds above close to him upon the edge of a path which led through the park. At first it was but movement and no more, indistinguishable among the shadows. But he was excited by what he had been hearing, and his attention was aroused. After a time he could make out two figures more or less distinct, a man he thought and a woman, but both so dark that it was only when by moments they appeared out of the tree-shadows with which they were confused, against the lighter colour of the gravel that he could make them out. They parted while he looked on; the man disappeared among the trees; the other, he could see her against the faint lightness of the distance, stood looking after the retreating figure: and then turned and came towards the house. Young Hamerton's heart leaped up in his breast. What did it mean? Did he recognise the pose of the figure, the carriage of the head, the fine movement, so dignified yet so free? He seized hold on himself, so to speak, and put a violent stop to his own thoughts. She! madness! as soon would he suppose that the Queen could do wrong. It must be her maid, perhaps some woman who had got the trick of her walk and air through constant association: but she—

Just then, while Hamerton retired somewhat sick at heart, and seated himself near the door of the conservatory to recover, cursing as he did so the sharp scolding tones of Mr. Trevanion going on with his grievances, Rosalind, standing against the pillar, was startled by something like a step or faint stir outside, and then the sound, which would have been inaudible to faculties less keen and highly strung, of the handle of the glass door. It was turned almost noiselessly and someone came in. Someone. Whom? With a shiver which convulsed her, Rosalind watched: this dark figure might be anyone—her mother's maid perhaps, even Russell, gone out to pry and spy as was her way. Rosalind had to clutch the pillar fast as she watched from behind while the newcomer took a shawl from her head, and sighing, arranged with her hands her headdress and hair. Whatever had happened to her she was not happy. She sighed as she set in order the lace upon her head. Alas! the sight of that lace was enough, the dim light was enough: no one else in the house moved like that. It was the mother, the wife, the mistress of Highcourt, Madam Trevanion, whom all the country looked up to for miles and miles around. Rosalind could not speak. She detached her arms from the pillar and followed like a white ghost as her

stepmother moved towards the drawing-room. In the night and dark, in the stormy wind amid all those black trees, where had she been?

CHAPTER III.

'I MARRIED her without a penny,' Mr. Trevanion was saying. 'I was a fool for my pains. If you think you will purchase attention and submission in that way you are making a confounded mistake. Set a beggar on horseback, that's how it ends. A duke's daughter couldn't stand more by her own way; no, nor look more like a lady,' he added with a sort of pride in his property; 'that must be allowed her. I married her without a penny: and this is how she serves me. If she had brought a duchy in her apron, or the best blood in England like Rosalind's mother, my first poor wife, whom I regret every day of my life—O-h-h!—so you have condescended, Madam, to come at last.'

She was a tall woman, with a figure full of dignity and grace. If it was true that nobody knew who she was, it was at least true also, as even her husband allowed, that she might have been a princess so far as her bearing and manners went. She was dressed in soft black satin which did not rustle or assert itself, but hung in long sweeping folds, here and there broken in outline by feathery touches of lace. Her dark hair was still perfect in colour and texture. Indeed, she was still under forty, and the prime of her beauty scarcely impaired. There was a little fitful colour on her cheek, though she was usually pale, and her eyes had a kind of feverish suspicious brightness like sentinels on the watch for danger signals. Yet she came in without hurry, with a smile from one to another of the group of gentlemen, none of whom showed, whatever they may have felt, any emotion. John Trevanion, still blank and quiet against the firelight; the doctor, though he lifted his eyes momentarily, still dropping through his hands, back and forwards, the sliding smooth surfaces of the cards. From the dimness in the background Hamerton's young face shone out with a sort of Medusa look of horror and pain, but he was so far out of the group that he attracted no notice. Mrs. Trevanion made no immediate reply to her husband. She advanced into the room, Rosalind following her like a shadow. 'I am sorry,' she said calmly, 'to be late: have you not begun your rubber? I knew there were enough without me.'

'There's never enough without you,' her husband answered roughly; 'you know that as well as I do. If there were twice enough, what has that to do with it? You know my play, which is just the one thing you do know. If a man can't have his wife to make up his game, what is the use of a wife at all? And this is not the first time, Madam; by Jove not the first time by a dozen. Can't you take another time for your nap, or your nursery, or whatever it is? I don't believe a word of the nursery. It is something you don't choose to have known, it is some of your low——'

'Rosalind, your father has no footstool,' said Mrs. Trevanion. She maintained her calm unmoved. 'There are some fresh cards, doctor, in the little cabinet.'

'And how the devil,' cried the invalid in his sharp tones, 'can I have my footstool, or clean cards, or anything I want when you are away—systematically away? I believe you do it on purpose to set up a right—to put me out in every way, that goes without saying, that everybody knows, is the object of your life.'

Still she did not utter a word of apology, but stooped and found the footstool, which she placed at her husband's feet. 'This is the one that suits you best,' she said. 'Come, John, if I am the culprit, let us lose no more time.'

Mr. Trevanion kicked the footstool away. 'D'ye think I am going to be smoothed down so easily?' he cried. 'Oh, yes, as soon as Madam pleases, that is the time for everything. I shall not play. You can amuse yourselves if you please, gentlemen, at Mrs. Trevanion's leisure, when she can find time to pay a little attention to her guests. Give me those newspapers, Rosalind. Oh play, play! by all means play! don't let me interrupt your amusement. A little more neglect, what does that matter? I hope I am used to—— Heaven above! they are not cut up. What is that rascal Dorrington about? What is the use of a pack of idle servants? never looked after as they ought to be; encouraged, indeed, to neglect and ill-use the master that feeds them. What can you expect? With a mistress who is shut up half her time, or out of the way or—— What's that? what's that?'

It was a singular thing enough, and this sudden exclamation called all eyes to it. Mrs. Trevanion, who had risen when her husband kicked his footstool in her face, and turning round had taken a few steps across the room, stopped with a slight start, which perhaps betrayed some alarm in her, and looked back. The train of her dress was sweeping over the hearthrug, and there in

the full light, twisted into her lace, and clinging to her dress, was a long, straggling, thorny branch, all wet with the damp of night. Involuntarily they were all gazing—John Trevanion looking down gravely at this strange piece of evidence which was close to his feet; the doctor, with the cards in his hand, half risen from his seat stooping across the table to see; while Rosalind throwing herself down had already begun to detach it with hands that trembled.

‘Oh, mamma!’ cried the girl with a laugh which sounded wild, ‘how careless, how horrid of Jane! Here is a thorn that caught in your dress the last time you wore it; and she has folded it up in your train, and never noticed. Papa is right, the servants are——’

‘Hold your tongue, Rose,’ said Mr. Trevanion, with an angry chuckle of satisfaction; ‘let alone! So, Madam, this is why we have to wait for everything; this is why the place is left to itself; and I—I—the master and owner neglected. Good heavens above! while the lady of the house wanders in the woods in a November night. With whom, Madam? With whom?’ he raised himself like a skeleton, his fiery eyes blazing out of their sockets. ‘With whom, I ask you? Here, gentlemen, you are witnesses; this is more serious than I thought. I knew my wishes were disregarded; that my convenience was set at naught; that the very comforts that are essential to my life were neglected; but I did not think I was betrayed. With whom, Madam? Answer! I demand his name.’

‘Reginald,’ said John Trevanion, ‘for God’s sake don’t let us have another scene. You may think what you please, but we know all that is nonsense. Neglected! Why she makes herself your slave. If the other is as true as that! Doctor, can’t you put a stop to it? He’ll kill himself—and her.’

‘Her! oh, she’s strong enough,’ cried the invalid! ‘I have had my suspicions before, but I have never uttered them. Ah, Madam! you thought you were too clever for me. A sick man, unable to stir out of the house, the very person of course to be deceived. But the sick man has his defenders. Providence is on his side. You throw dust in the eyes of these men: but I know you; I know what I took you from: I’ve known all along what you were capable of. Who was it? Heaven above! down, down on your knees, and tell me his name.’

Mrs. Trevanion was perfectly calm, too calm, perhaps, for the unconsciousness of innocence; and she was also deadly pale. ‘So far as the evidence goes,’ she said quietly, ‘I do not deny it,

It has not been folded up in my train, my kind Rosalind. I have been out of doors; though the night, as you see, is not tempting: and what then?’

She turned round upon them with a faint smile, and took the branch out of Rosalind’s hand. ‘You see it is all wet,’ she said, ‘there is no deception in it. I have been out in the park, on the edge of the woods. Look, I did not stop even to change my shoes, they are wet too. And what then?’

‘One thing,’ cried the doctor, ‘that you must change them directly, before another word is said. This comes in my department, at least. We don’t want to have you laid up with congestion of the lungs. Miss Rosalind, take your mamma away, and make her, as we say in Scotland, change her feet.’

‘Let her go altogether, if she pleases,’ said the invalid; ‘I want to see no more of her. In the park, in the woods—do you hear her, gentlemen? What does a woman want in the woods in a winter night? Let her have congestion of the lungs, it will save disgrace to the family. For, mark my words, I will follow this out. I will trace it to the foundation. Night after night she has done it. Oh, you think I don’t know? She has done it again and again. She has been shameless; she has outraged the very house where—— Do you hear, woman? Who is it? My God! a groom, or some low fellow——’

The doctor grasped his arm with a hand that thrilled with indignation as well as professional zeal, while John Trevanion started forward with a sudden flush and menace—

‘If you don’t respect your wife, for God’s sake think of the girl—your own child! If it were not for their sakes I should not spend another night under this roof——’

‘Spend your night where you please,’ said the infuriated husband, struggling against the doctor’s attempt to draw him back into his chair. ‘If I respect her? No, I don’t respect her. I respect nobody that ill-uses me. Get out of the way, Rosalind! I tell you I’ll turn out that woman. I’ll disgrace her. I’ll show what she’s made of. She’s thrown dust in all your eyes, but never in mine. No, Madam, never in mine; you’ve forgotten, I suppose, what you were when I took you and married you like a fool—but I’ve never forgotten: and now to break out at your age? Who do you suppose can care for you at your age? It is for what he can get, the villain, that he comes over an old hag like you. Oh, women, women! that’s what women are. Turn out on a winter’s night to philander in the woods with someone, some——’

He stopped, incapable of more, and fell back in his chair, and glared and foamed insults with his bloodless lips which he had not breath to speak.

Mrs. Trevanion stood perfectly still while all this was going on. Her face showed by its sudden contraction when the grosser accusations told, but otherwise she made no movement. She held the long dangling branch in her hand, and looked at it with a sort of half smile. It was so small a matter to produce so much—and yet it was not a small matter. Was it the hand of fate? Was it Providence, as he said, that was on his side? But she did not say another word in self-defence. It was evident that it was her habit to stand thus, and let the storm beat. Her calm was the resignation of long usage, the sense that it was beyond remedy, that the only thing she could do was to endure. And yet the accusations of this evening were new, and there was something new in the contemplative way in which she regarded this piece of evidence which had convicted her. Hitherto the worst accusations that had rained upon her had been without evidence, without possibility—and everybody had been aware that it was so. Now there was something new. When she had borne vituperation almost as violent for her neglect, for her indifference, sometimes for her cruelty, the wrong had been too clear for any doubt. But now: never before had there even been anything to explain. But the bramble was a thing that demanded explanation. Even John Trevanion, the just and kind, had shown a gleam of surprise when he caught sight of it. The good doctor, who was entirely on her side, had given her a startled look. Rosalind, her child, had put forth a hesitating plea—a little lie for her. All this went to her heart with a wringing of pain, as if her very heart had been crushed with some sudden pressure. But the habit of endurance was unbroken even by these secret and novel pangs. She did not even meet the eyes directed to her with any attempt at self-defence. But yet the position was novel; and standing still in her old panoply of patience, she felt it to be so, and that former expedients were inadequate to the occasion. For the first time it would have better become her to speak. But what? She had nothing to say.

The scene ended as such scenes almost invariably ended here—in an attack of those spasms which were wearing Mr. Trevanion's life away. The first symptoms changed in a moment the aspect of his wife. She put down the guilty bramble and betook herself at once to her oft-repeated, well-understood duty. The room was

cleared of all the spectators, even Rosalind was sent away. It was an experience with which the house was well acquainted. Mrs. Trevanion's maid came noiselessly and swift at the sound of a bell, with everything that was needed; and the wife, so angrily vituperated and insulted, became in a moment the devoted nurse with nothing in her mind save the care of the patient who lay helpless in her hands. The doctor sat by with his finger on the fluttering pulse—while she, now fanning, now bathing his forehead, following every variation and indication of the attack, fulfilled her arduous duties. It did not seem to cross her mind that anything had passed which could slacken her vigilance or make her reluctant to fulfil those all-absorbing duties; neither when the patient began to moan did there seem any consciousness in him that the circumstances were anyhow changed. He began to scold in broken terms almost before he had recovered consciousness, demanding to know why he was there, what they were doing to him, what was the occasion of the appliances they had been using. 'I'm all right,' he stammered, before he could speak, pushing away the fan she was using. 'You want to kill me. Don't let her kill me, doctor; take that confounded thing away. I'm—I'm—all right; I—I want to get to bed. You are keeping me out of bed, on purpose—to kill me!' he cried with a new outburst. 'That is all right; he'll do now,' said the doctor cheerfully. 'Wait a moment, and we'll get you to bed—' The peaceful room had changed in the most curious way while all these rapid changes had gone on. The very home of tranquillity at first, then a stage of dramatic incident and passion, now a scene in which feeble life was struggling with the grip of death at its throat. Presently all this commotion and movement was over, and the palpitations of human existence swept away, leaving, indeed, a little disorder in the surroundings; a cushion thrown about, a corner of the carpet turned up, a tray with water-bottles and essences on the table: but nothing more to mark the struggle, the conflicts which had been, the suffering and misery. Yes; one thing more: the long trail of bramble on another table, which was the most fatal symbol of all.

When everything was quiet young Hamerton, with a pale face, came out of the conservatory. He had again retreated there when Mrs. Trevanion came in, and the husband had begun to rage. It pained him to be a party to it; to listen to all the abuse poured upon her was intolerable. But what was more intolerable still was to remember what he had seen. That woman, standing so

pale and calm, replying nothing, bearing every insult with a nobleness which would have become a saint. But oh, heavens! was it her he had seen—her—under shelter of the night? The young man was generous and innocent, and his heart was sick with this miserable knowledge. He was in her secret. God help her! Surely she had excuse enough: but what is to become of life or womanhood when such a woman requires an excuse at all?

CHAPTER IV.

THE hall was dimly lighted, the fire dying out in the great fireplace, everything shadowy, cold, without cheer or comfort. Mr. Trevanion had been conveyed to his room between the doctor and his valet, his wife following as usual, in the same order and fashion as was habitual, without any appearance of change. Rosalind, who was buried in a great chair, nothing visible but the whiteness of her dress in the imperfect light, and John Trevanion who stood before the fire there, as he had done in the drawing-room, with his head a little bent, and an air of great seriousness and concern, watched the little procession without a word as it went across the hall. These attacks were too habitual to cause much alarm; and the outburst of passion which preceded was, unfortunately, common enough also. The house was not a happy house in which this volcano was ready to burst forth at any moment, and the usual family subterfuges to conceal the family skeleton had become of late years quite impossible, as increasing weakness and self-indulgence had removed all restraints of self-control from the master of the house. They were all prepared for the outbreak at any moment, no matter who was present. But yet there were things involved which conveyed a special sting to-night. When the little train had passed, the two spectators in the hall remained for some time quite silent, with a heaviness and oppression upon them which, perhaps, the depressing circumstances around, the want of light, and warmth, and brightness increased. They did not as on ordinary occasions return to the drawing-room. For some time they said nothing to each other. By intervals a servant flitted across the hall, from one room to another, or the opening of a door roused these watchers for a moment: but presently everything fell back into stillness and the chill of the gathering night.

‘Rosalind, I think you should go to bed——’

‘Oh, Uncle John, how can I go to bed? How can any one in this house rest or sleep?’

‘My dear, I admit that the circumstances are not very cheerful. Still, you are more or less accustomed to them: and we shall sleep all the same, no doubt, just as we should sleep if we were all to be executed to-morrow.’

‘Should we?—but not if some one else, some one we loved—was to be—executed, as you say.’

‘Perhaps that makes a little difference: while the condemned man sleeps, I suppose his mother or his sister, poor wretches! are wakeful enough. But there is nothing of that kind in our way, my little Rose. Come! it is no worse than usual: go to bed.’

‘It is worse than usual. There has never before—oh!’ the girl cried, clasping her hands together with a vehement gesture. Her misery was too much for her: and then another sentiment came in and closed her mouth. Uncle John was very tender and kind, but was he not on *the other side*?

‘My dear,’ he said gently, ‘I think it will be best not to discuss the question. If there is something new in it, it will develop soon enough. God forbid! I am little disposed, Rosalind, to think that there is anything new.’

She did not make any reply. Her heart was sore with doubt and suspicion; the more strange these sentiments all the more do they scorch and sting. In the whirl which they introduced into her mind she had been trying in vain to get any ground to stand upon. There might have been explanations: but then how easy to give them, and settle the question. It is terrible, in youth, to be thrown into such a conflict of mind, and all the more to one who has never been used to think out anything alone, who has shared with another every thought that arose in her, and received on everything the interchanged ideas of a mind more experienced, wiser, than her own. She was thus suddenly cut off from her anchors, and felt herself drifting on wild currents unknown to her, giddy, as if buffeted by wind and tide—though seated there within the steadfast walls of an old house which had gone through all extremities of human emotion, and never quivered, through hundreds of troublous years.

‘I think,’ said John Trevanion, after a pause, ‘that it would be good for you to have a little change. Home of course is the best place for a girl. Still it is a great strain upon young nerves. I wonder we none of us have ever thought of it before. Your

aunt Sophy would be glad to have you, and I could take you there on my way. I really think, Rosalind, this would be the best thing you could do. Winter is closing in, and in present circumstances it is almost impossible to have visitors at High-court. Even young Hamerton, how much he is in the way; though he is next to nobody, a young fellow! Come! you must not stay here to wear your nerves to fiddlestrings. I must take you away.'

She looked up at him with an earnest glance which he was very conscious of, but did not choose to meet. 'Why at this moment above all others?' she said.

'Why?—that goes without saying, Rosalind. Your father, to my mind, has never been so bad; and your—I mean Madam——'

'You mean my mother, Uncle John. Well! is she not my mother? I have never known any other. Poor dear little mamma was younger than I am. I never knew her. She is an angel in heaven, and she cannot be jealous of any one on earth. So you think that because papa has never been so ill, and my mother never had so much to bear, it would be the right thing for me, the eldest, the one that can be of most use, to go away?'

'She has her own children, Rosalind.'

'Yes, to be sure. Rex, who is at school, and knows about as much of what she needs as the dogs do; and little Sophy, who is barely nine. You must think very little of Rosalind, uncle, if you think these children can make up for me.'

'I think a great deal of Rosalind; but we must be reasonable. I thought a woman's own children, however little worth they may be in themselves, were more to her than anyone else's. Perhaps I am wrong, but that's in all the copybooks.'

'You want to make me believe,' said Rosalind, with passion, 'that I am nobody's child, that I have no right to love or any home in all the world!'

'My dear! this is madness, Rose. There is your father: and I hope even I count for something; you are the only child I shall ever love. And your aunt Sophy, for whom, in fact, I am pleading, gives you a sort of adoration.'

She got up hastily out of the great gloomy house of a chair and came into the dim centre of light in which he stood, and clasped his arm with her hands. 'Uncle John,' she said, speaking very fast and almost inarticulately, 'I am very fond of you. You have always been so good and kind; but I am her, and she is me. Don't you understand? I have always been with her since I was

a child. Nobody but me has seen her cry and break down. I know her all through and through. I think her thoughts, not my own. There are no secrets between us. She does not require even to speak, I know what she means without that. There are no secrets between her and me——'

'No secrets,' he said; 'no secrets! Rosalind, are you so very sure of that—now?'

Her hands dropped from his arm: she went back and hid herself, as if trying to escape from him and herself in the depths of the great chair: and then there burst from her bosom, in spite of her, a sob—suppressed, restrained, yet irrestrainable, the heaving of a bosom filled to overflowing with unaccustomed misery and pain.

John Trevanion did not take advantage of this piteous involuntary confession. He paused a little, being himself somewhat overcome. 'My dear little girl,' he said at last, 'I am talking of no terrible separation. People who are the most devoted to each other, lovers even, have to quit each other occasionally, and pay a little attention to other ties. Come! you need not take this so tragically. Sophy is always longing for you. Your father's sister, and a woman alone in the world; don't you think she has a claim too?'

Rosalind had got herself in check again while he was speaking. 'You mean a great deal more than that,' she said.

Once more he was silent. He knew very well that he meant a great deal more than that. He meant that his niece should be taken away from the woman who was not her mother, a woman of whom he himself had no manner of doubt, yet who, perhaps,—how could anyone tell?—was getting weary of her thankless task, and looking forward to the freedom to come. John Trevanion's mind was not much more at rest than that of Rosalind. He had never been supposed to be a partisan of his brother's wife, but perhaps his abstention from all enthusiasm on this subject was out of too much, not too little feeling. He had been prejudiced against her at first; but his very prejudice had produced a warm revulsion of feeling in her favour, when he saw how she maintained her soul, as she went over the worse than red-hot ploughshares of her long ordeal. It would have injured, not helped her with her husband, had he taken her part; and therefore he had refrained with so much steadiness and gravity, that to Rosalind he had always counted as on the other side. But in his heart he had never been otherwise than on the side of the brave woman who, whether her motives had been, good

or bad, in accepting that place, had nevertheless been the most heroic of wives, the tenderest of mothers. It gave him a tender pleasure to be challenged and defied by the generous impetuosity of Rosalind, all in arms for the mother of her soul. But—there was a but, terrible though it was to acknowledge it—he had recognised, as soon as he arrived on this visit, before any indication of suspicion had been given, that there was some subtle change in Madam Trevanion—something furtive in her eye, a watchfulness, a standing on her guard, which had never been there before. It revolted and horrified him to doubt his sister-in-law; he declared to himself with anxious earnestness that he did not, never would or could doubt her; and yet, in the same breath, with that terrible indulgence which comes with experience, began in an undercurrent of thought to represent to himself her terrible provocations, the excuses she would have, the temptations to which she might be subject. A man gets his imagination polluted by the world even when he least wishes it. In the upper current of his soul he believed in her with faith unbounded; but underneath was a little warping eddy, a slimy underdraught which brought up silently the apologies, the reasons, the excuses for her. And if, by any impossibility, it should be so, then was it not essential that Rosalind, too pure to imagine, too young to know any evil or what it meant, or how it could be, should be withdrawn? But he was no more happy than Rosalind was, in the conflict of painful thoughts.

‘Yes; I mean more than that,’ he resumed, after an interval. ‘I mean that this house, at present, is not a comfortable place. You must see now that even you cannot help Mrs. Trevanion much in what she has to go through. I feel myself entirely *de trop*. No sympathy I could show her would counterbalance the pain she must feel in having always present another witness of your father’s abuse——’

‘Sympathy!’ said Rosalind, with surprise. ‘I never knew you had any sympathy. I have always considered you as on the other side.’

‘Does *she* think so?’ he asked quickly, with a sharp sound of pain in his voice; then recollected himself in another moment. ‘Ah, well,’ he said, ‘that’s natural, I suppose; the husband’s family are on his side—yes, yes, no doubt she has thought so: the more right am I in my feeling that my presence just now must be very distasteful. And even you, Rosalind; think what she must feel to have all that dirt thrown at her in your presence. Do you

think the privilege of having a good cry, as you say, when you are alone together, makes up to her for the knowledge that you are hearing every sort of accusation hurled at her head? I believe in my heart,' he added hurriedly, with a fictitious fervour, 'that it would be the greatest relief possible to her to have the house to herself, and see us all, you included, go away.'

Rosalind did not make any reply. She gazed at him from her dark corner with dilated eyes, but he did not see the trouble of her look, nor divine the sudden stimulus his words had given to the whirl of her miserable thoughts. She said to herself that her mother would know, whoever doubted her, that Rosalind never would doubt; and at the same time there came a wondering horror of a question whether indeed her mother would be glad to be rid of her, to have her out of the way, to keep her at least unconscious of the other thing, the secret, perhaps the wrong, that was taking place in those dark evening hours? Might it be, as Uncle John said, better to fly, to turn her back upon any revelation, to refuse to know what it was. The anguish of this conflict of thought tore her unaccustomed heart in twain. And then she tried to realise what the house would be without her, with that profound yet perfectly innocent self-importance of youth which is at once so futile and so touching. So sometimes a young creature dying will imagine with far more poignant regret than for any suffering of her own, the blank of the empty room, the empty chair, the melancholy vacancy in the house, when she or he has gone hence and is no more. Rosalind saw the great house vacant of herself with a feeling that was almost more than she could bear. When her mother came out of the sick room, to whom would she go for the repose, the soothing of perfect sympathy—upon whom would she lean when her burden was more than she could bear? When Sophy's lessons were over, where would the child go? Who would write to Rex, and keep upon the schoolboy the essential bond of home? Who would play with the babies in the nursery when their mother was too much occupied to see them? Mamma would have nobody but Russell, who hated her, and her own maid Jane, who was like her shadow, and all the indifferent servants who cared about little but their own comfort. As she represented all these details of the picture to herself, she burst forth all at once into the silence with a vehement 'No, no!' John Trevanion had fallen into thought, and the sound of her voice made him start. 'No, no!' she cried, 'do you think, Uncle John, I am of so little use? Everybody, even papa, would want me. Sometimes

he will bid me sit down, that I am something to look at, something not quite so aggravating as all the rest. Is not that something for one's father to say? And what would the children do without me, and Duckworth who cannot always see mamma about the dinner? No, no, I am of use here, and it is my place. Another time I can go to Aunt Sophy—later on, when papa is—better—when things are going smoothly,' she said with a quiver in her voice, holding back. And just then the distant door of Mr. Trevanion's room opened and closed, and the doctor appeared, holding back the heavy curtains that screened away every draught from the outer world.

CHAPTER V.

'WELL,' said Dr. Beaton, rubbing his hands as he came forward, 'at last we are tolerably comfortable. I have got him to bed without much more difficulty than usual, and I hope he will have a good night. But how cold it is here! I suppose, however careful you may be, it is impossible to keep draughts out of an apartment that communicates with the open air. If you will take my advice, Miss Rosalind, you will get to your warm room, and to bed, whilst your uncle and I adjourn to the smoking room where there are creature comforts——'

The doctor was always cheerful. He laughed as if all the incidents of the evening had been the most pleasant in the world.

'Is papa better, doctor?'

'Is Mrs. Trevanion with my brother?'

These two questions were asked together. The doctor answered them both with a 'Yes—yes—where would she be but with him? My dear sir, you are a visitor, you are not used to our ways. All that is just nothing. He cannot do without her. We know better, Miss Rosalind; we take it all very easy. Come, come, there is nothing to be disturbed about. I will have you on my hands if you don't mind. My dear young lady, go to bed.'

'I have been proposing that she should go to her aunt for a week or two for a little change.'

'The very best thing she could do. This is the worst time of the year for Highcourt. So much vegetation is bad in November. Yes—change by all means. But not,' said the doctor, with a little change of countenance, 'too long, and not too far away.'

'Do you think,' said Rosalind, 'that mamma will not want me

to-night?—then I will go as you say. But if you think there is any chance that she will want me——’

‘She will not leave the patient again. Good night, Miss Rosalind, sleep sound and get back your roses—or shall I send you something to make you sleep? No? Well, youth will do it, which is best.’

She took her candle, and went wearily up the great staircase, pausing, a white figure in the gloom, to wave her hand to Uncle John before she disappeared in the gallery above. The two men stood and watched her without a word. A tender reverence and pity for her youth was in both their minds. There was almost an oppression of self-restraint upon them till she was out of sight and hearing. Then John Trevanion turned to his companion:—

‘I gather by what you say, that you think my brother worse to-night.’

‘Not worse to-night: but only going the downhill road, and now and then at his own will and pleasure putting on a spurt. The nearer you get to the bottom the greater is the velocity. Sometimes the rate is terrifying at the last.’

‘And you think, accordingly, that if she goes away it must not be too far; she must be within reach of a hasty summons?’

Dr. Beaton nodded his head several times in succession. ‘I may be mistaken,’ he said, ‘there is a vitality that fairly surprises me: but that is in any other case what I should say.’

‘Have these outbursts of temper much to do with it? Are they accelerating the end?’

‘That’s the most puzzling question you could ask. How is a poor medical man, snatching his bit of knowledge as he can find it, to say yea or nay? Oh yes, they have to do with it; everything has to do with it either as cause or effect? If it were not perhaps for the temper, there would be less danger with the heart, and if it were not for the weak heart, there would be less temper. Do ye see? Body and soul are so jumbled together, it is ill to tell which is which. But between them the chances grow less and less. And you will see, by to-night’s experience, it’s not very easy to put on the drag.’

‘And yet Mrs. Trevanion is nursing him, you say, as if nothing had happened.’

The doctor gave a strange laugh. ‘A sick man is a queer study,’ he said, ‘and especially an excitable person with no self-control and all nerves and temper, like—if you will excuse me for saying so—your brother. Now that he needs her he is very capable of putting all this behind him. He will just ignore it,

and cast himself upon her for everything, till he thinks he can do without her again. Ah! it is quite a wonderful mystery, the mind of a sick and selfish man.'

'I was thinking rather of her,' said John Trevanion.

'Oh! her?' said the doctor, waving his hand; 'that's simple. There's nothing complicated in that. She is the first to accept that grand reason as conclusive, just that he has need of her. There's a wonderful philosophy in some women. When they come to a certain pitch they will bear anything. And she is one of that kind. She will put it out of her mind as I would put a smouldering bombshell out of this hall. At least,' said the doctor, with that laugh which was so inappropriate, 'I hope I would do it, I hope I would not just run away. The thing with women is that they cannot run away.'

'These are strange subjects to discuss with—pardon me, a stranger; but you are not a stranger, they can have no secrets from you. Doctor, tell me, is the scene to-night a usual one? Was there nothing particular in it?'

John Trevanion fixed very serious eyes—eyes that held the person they looked on fast, and would permit no escape—on the doctor's face. The other shifted about uneasily from one foot to the other, and did his utmost to avoid that penetrating look.

'Oh, usual enough, usual enough; but there might be certain special circumstances,' he said.

'You mean that Mrs. Trevanion——'

'Well, if you will take my opinion, she had probably been to see the coachman's wife who is far from well, poor body; I should say that was it. It is across a bit of the park, far enough to account for everything.'

'But why then not give so simple a reason?'

'Ah! there you beat me: how can I tell? The way in which a thing presents itself to a woman's mind is not like what would occur to you and me.'

'Is the coachman's wife so great a favourite? Has she been ill long, and is it necessary to go to see her every night?'

'Mr. Trevanion,' said the doctor, 'you are well acquainted with the nature of evidence. I cannot answer all these questions. There is no one near Highcourt, as you are aware, that does not look up to Madam; a visit from her is better than physic. She has little time, poor lady, for such kindness. With all that's exacted from her, I cannot tell for my part what other moment she can call her own.'

John Trevanion would not permit the doctor to escape. He held him still with his keen eyes. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I think I am as much concerned as you are to prove her in the right, whatever happens: but it seems to me you are a special pleader—making your theory to fit the circumstances, ingenious rather than certain.'

'Mr. John Trevanion,' said the doctor, solemnly, 'there is one thing I am certain of, that yon poor lady by your brother's bedside is a good woman, and that the life he leads her is just a hell on earth.'

After this there was a pause. The two men stood no longer looking at each other: they escaped from the scrutiny of each other, which they had hitherto kept up, both somewhat agitated and shaken in the solicitude and trouble of the house.

'I believe all that,' said John Trevanion at last. 'I believe every word. Still—— But yet——'

Dr. Beaton made no reply. Perhaps these monosyllables were echoing through his brain too. He had known her for years, and formed his opinion of her on the foundation of long and intimate knowledge. But still—and yet: could a few weeks, a few days, undo the experience of years? It was no crime to walk across the park at night, in the brief interval which the gentlemen spent over their wine after dinner. Why should not Madam Trevanion take the air at that hour if she pleased? Still he made no answer to that breath of doubt.

The conversation was interrupted by the servants who came to close doors and windows, and perform the general shutting up for the night. Neither of the gentlemen was sorry for this interruption. They separated to make that inevitable change in their dress which the smoking-room demands, with a certain satisfaction in getting rid of the subject, if even for a moment. But when Dr. Beaton reached, through the dim passages from which all life had retired, that one centre of light and fellowship, the sight of young Hamerton in his evening coat, with a very pale and disturbed countenance, brought back to him the subject he had been so glad to drop. Hamerton had forgotten his dress-coat, and even that smoking suit which was the joy of his heart. He had been a prisoner in the drawing-room, or rather in the conservatory, while that terrible scene went on. Never in his harmless life had he touched the borders of tragedy before, and he was entirely unmanned. The doctor found him sitting nervously on the edge of a chair, peering into the fire, his face haggard, his

eyes vacant and bloodshot. 'I say, doctor,' he said, making a grasp at his arm, 'I want to tell you; I was in there all the time. What could I do? I couldn't get out with the others. I had been in the conservatory before—and I saw—— Good gracious, you don't think I wanted to see! I thought it was better to keep quiet than to show that I had been there all the time.'

'You ought to have gone away with the others,' said the doctor, 'but there is no great harm done; except to your nerves; you look quite shaken. He was very bad. When a man lets himself go on every occasion, and does and says exactly what he has a mind to, that's what it ends in at the last. It is perhaps as well that a young fellow like you should know.'

'Oh, hang it,' said young Hamerton, 'that is not the worst. I never was fond of old Trevanion. It don't matter so much about him.'

'You mean that to hear a man bullying his wife like that makes you wish to kill him, eh? Well, that's a virtuous sentiment: but she's been long used to it. Let us hope she is like the eels and doesn't mind——'

'It's not that,' said the youth again. John Trevanion was in no hurry to appear, and the young man's secret scorched him. He looked round suspiciously to make sure there was no one within sight or hearing. 'Doctor,' he said, 'you are Madam's friend. You take her side?'

Dr. Beaton, who was a man of experience, looked at the agitation of his companion with a good deal of curiosity and some alarm. 'If she has a side, yes, to the last of my strength.'

'Then I don't mind telling you. When he began to swear—— What an old brute he is!'

'Yes?—when he began to swear——'

'I thought they mightn't like it, don't you know? We're old friends at home, but still I have never been very much at Highcourt; so I thought they mightn't like to have me there. And I thought I'd just slip out of the way into the conservatory, never thinking how I was to get back. I went right in to the end part where there was no light. You can see out into the park. I never thought of that. I was not thinking anything: when I saw——'

'Get it out, for heaven's sake! You had no right to be there. What did you see? Some of the maids about——'

'Doctor, I must get it off my mind. I saw Madam Tre-

vanion parting with—a man. I can't help it, I must get it out. I saw her as plainly as I see you.'

The doctor was very much disturbed and pale, but he burst into a laugh. 'In a dark night like this! You saw her maid I don't doubt, or a kitchen girl with her sweetheart. At night all the cats are grey. And you think it is a fine thing to tell a cock and a bull story like this—you, a visitor in the house?'

'Doctor, you do me a great deal of injustice.' The young man's heart heaved with agitation and pain. 'Don't you see it is because I feel I was a sort of eavesdropper against my will, that I must tell you? Do you think Madam Trevanion could be mistaken for a maid? I saw her—part from him and come straight up to the house—and then in another moment she came into the room, and I—I saw all that happened there.'

'For an unwilling witness, Mr. Hamerton, you seem to have seen a great deal,' said the doctor, with a gleam of fury in his eyes.

'So I was—unwilling, most unwilling: you said yourself my nerves were shaken. I'd rather than a thousand pounds I hadn't seen her. But what am I to do? If there was any trial or anything, would they call me as a witness? That's what I want to ask. In that case I'll go off to America or Japan or somewhere. They shan't get a word against her out of me.'

The moral shock which Dr. Beaton had received was great, and yet he scarcely felt it to be a surprise. He sat for some moments in silence, pondering how to reply. The end of his consideration was that he turned round upon the inquirer with a laugh. 'A trial,' he said, 'about what? Because Mr. Trevanion is nasty to his wife, and says things to her a man should be ashamed to say? Women can't try their husbands for being brutes, more's the pity, and she is used to it: or because (if it was her at all) she spoke to somebody she met—a groom most likely—and gave him his orders? No, no, my young friend, there will be no trial. But for all that,' he added somewhat fiercely, 'I would advise you to hold your tongue on the subject now that you have relieved your mind. The Trevanions are kittle customers when their blood's up. I would hold my tongue for the future if I were you.'

And then John Trevanion came in, cloudy and thoughtful, in his smoking coat, with a candle in his hand.

(To be continued.)

The 'Donna.'

THE appeal issued in this Magazine for funds to start and maintain another truck for the supply of cheap wholesome food to the unemployed labourers in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill has been responded to very warmly. The handsome subscription list printed below is evidence of the interest taken in the matter. On November 2, the truck started from the workmen's restaurant in Dock Street, and took up its position by the subway at the S.W. corner of Tower Hill. From the first there was no doubt of the welcome that it would receive. The labourers just at this spot are engaged for the most part in unloading the orange and fish boats that come into Tower Stairs. They are employed (as at St. Katharine's Wharf, on the opposite side of Tower Hill) by the hour, at the rate of 4*d.* or 4½*d.* per hour. A man may earn 14*s.* or 15*s.* in a week, or he may earn little or nothing. One man recently earned 14*s.* one week and the next 1*s.* 6*d.* It is this uncertainty which renders the case of these men so hard, and which teaches them to appreciate so keenly the friendly help given them by the 'Don' at the S.E., and now by the 'Donna' at the S.W., corner of Tower Hill.

Amount acknowledged in December Magazine, 53*l.* 6*s.* J. M. 1*s.* H. W. 5*s.* A Scotchwoman 2*s.* M. C. 1*s.* Mrs. Longman 1*l.* Anonymous 4*s.* M. B. 5*s.* M. B. 10*s.* Miss H. St. John Bedford 5*s.* F. E. Holloway 10*s.* R. M. Holloway 5*s.* M. R. M. Holloway 5*s.* The Shrewd Kate 10*s.* Arthur Kislingbury 10*s.* F. L. Slows 1*l.* Miss Baldwin 5*s.* Mrs. Tom Kelly 5*s.* N. Rattray 10*l.* J. W. S. 5*s.* A Subscriber 10*s.* M. P. 1*s.* A. C. F. (Cornwall) 1*s.* W. McL. Backler 1*l.* 1*s.* E. T. S. 5*s.* F. A. B. 5*l.* Lionel Smith Gordon 2*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. E. F. (Bayswater) 1*l.* Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt 2*l.* Miss Gardiner 1*l.* Miss Haig 5*s.* Miss F. M. Hamilton 1*l.* Mrs. Walter Hemming 10*s.* Mrs. Laurence 1*s.* Mrs. Breeds 1*s.* Mrs. Searle 10*s.* W. A. Gibbs 2*l.* 2*s.* J. H. W. Laing 5*s.* M. C. 5*s.* Lady Betty 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Lady Mary Vyner 5*l.* Mr. Halford 1*l.* T. L. 1*l.* Hermit 5*s.* Col. Mesnell 10*s.* Rev. W. H. Channing 5*s.* Titmarsh 1*s.* W. R. Smales 5*s.* Miss G. C. Longman 10*s.* J. R. Squirrel 1*l.* S. A. Gimson (annual) 10*s.* Black Country 5*s.* E. H. Hewitt and two Friends 1*l.* 2*s.* W. Churchill 10*s.* Mrs. A. A. Engelbach 5*s.* Anonymous (Southsea) 2*s.* Anonymous (Penzance) 1*s.* E. M. W. Hayes (Kent) 5*s.* K. H. 6*s.* 1*d.* H. H. Longman 10*s.* Mrs. H. H. Longman 10*s.* Mrs. Davidis 10*s.* 6*d.* Miss F. A. Rawson 2*l.* A Protestant Girls' School in Dublin 9*s.* C. J. H. 2*s.* 6*d.* Henry Dashwood 5*l.* W. Southall 10*s.* From Queenstown 2*s.* 6*d.* E. J. B. 2*s.* 6*d.* Capt. E. W. Lang, R.N., 1*l.* B. M. 6*s.* Manager of the "Khoosh" Tonic Bitters Co. 2*l.* 2*s.* Sir Henry Wilmot 1*l.* Major-General Clerk 2*l.* Mrs. Napier 5*s.* Mrs. Hassell 1*l.* Anonymous 5*s.* A

M. Giles 5s. Mrs. Legard 2l. W. H. Mallock 1l. Sailor Boy 5s. Per Mrs. Rattray 1l. A Grenadier 7s. 6d. E. O. B. 1l. Jean 5s. Mrs. A. Robson 5s. Mrs. Elliot 5l. F. S. White 10s. Mrs. A. Percival 2s. 6d. Mrs. Chesman 3s. 6d. "Plum Duff" 3l. Miss Moore 10s. The Widow's Mite 2s. A. A. P. 1s. J. W. P. (Lee) 10s. Per Maria Baldwin 1l. L. C. 2s. 6d. Per R. A. Sutton 10s. J. W. T. 1l. 'Inasmuch' S.S.L. 10s. Major Martin 1l. R. N. 10s. J. A. C. 10s. J. W. (Manchester) 5s. Happy Cottage 10s. Redcar 5s. Mdle. Berton 3s. 6d. H. J. G. 10s. Jas. Scott jun. 10s. Mrs. A. F. Govett 5l. 'C' (Gunnersbury) 2s. 6d. S. S. S. (Gunnersbury) 2s. 6d. Old Salt 10s. Great St. Niteur's 10s. A. B. S. 10s. Miss Wenham 5s. Lady Augusta M. Noel 1l. A. Y. A. 1s. 6d. A. W. 5s. Mrs. Lyne 5s. Anonymous (Walker St., Edinburgh) 1l. Mrs. Phillips 10s. E. R. G. 2s. Anonymous 2s. 6d. E. J. 2s. I. A. B. (annual) 5s. Mrs. Cox (School fines) 10s. From a reader of *Longman's Magazine* 2s. Dora and Bernard Sandwell 3s. Anonymous 2l. 2s. Emile R. Merton 21l. 'Bon Accord' 7s. 6d. Pour les bonnes Sœurs 1s. Quidam 10s. Nellie 10s. Miss Childers Thompson 5s. F. H. A. 2s. 6d. J. W. Fry, M.R.C.S., 10s. C. F. Creed 10s. A. Friend 1l. Q. 2s. Anonymous 5s. Mr. and Mrs. Slous 2l. Charlotte 2s. 6d. Mrs. Kirkwood 6s. Anonymous 5s. Anonymous 2s. 6d. F. 2s. C. D. 3l. Mrs. Welbury Mitton 1l. 1s. F. G. Waugh 1l. T. B. 2l. 2s. A Minister's Wife 5s. C. R. 2s. 6d. A Scotchwoman 5s. 88 Lincoln's Inn Fields 1l. A Minister's Wife 5s. G. V. Collison 4s. A Stranger 1l. W. Stevens (annual) 1l. E. M. Stevens (annual) 1l. G. H. Stevens (annual) 1l. E. Stevens (annual) 10s. A. B. Stevens (annual) 10s. Mrs. Getting 10s. From the Trosachs 2l. E. A. B. 5s. R. Birkbeck 1l. Miss M. Davidson 5s. A. Day 1l. W. H. Newnham 1l. G. Noble Taylor and family 1l. 10s. C. Keen 2s. J. B. 5s. W. A. Scott 10s. H. C. G. (Dumfries) (for the 'Don') 2s. 6d. S. F. (Dalston) 2s. 6d. Mrs. Curtis 5s. Mrs. J. E. Parish 5s. Henry Eyre 5s. Dresden (half for 'Don,' half for 'Donna') 5l. H. M. Bries (Presteign) 2s. 6d. Per Miss Baldwin 7s. 6d. H. A. B. 3s. A Congregationalist 5s. Mary Smith (for the 'Magnet') 10l. Mrs. Tharp's Children (for the 'Don') 10s. Collected by Robert Brooks 2l. A few farthings 2s. J. Solly 5s. Miss Vere Savile 1l. J. A. P., H. R., and E. P. 7s. E. B. 5s. Charles Catling 5l. 'Inasmuch' (Fareham) 2s. 6d. Miss Mary MacMahon 2s. 6d. W. J. S. Barber-Starkey 1l. A. M. T. 5s. Per E. C. Smart 14s. C. W. Kopf 1l. Mrs. Ross 1l. 10s. Donna M. 1l. Mrs. Kirby 1s. 6d. F. W. Longman 2l. Thomas Gripper 5s. Mrs. Moody 5s. Chester 7s. 6d. John Frewen 1l. 1s. T. B. 5l. A. M. 5s. W. R. 10s. Mrs. and Miss Nichols (1st donation) 2s. A. N. 1l. E. R. (Teddington) 1s. R. A. Sutton 10s. Some young Friends 5s. Miss Hopkins 1l. P. C. M. 10s. Little Edith's pennies 2s. I. A. W. 1s. H. Winstanley 5s. Miss Hasker 1l. 1s. K. 2s. 6d. C. S. 1l. G. F. W. 5s. Th. Tilter 1l. B. L. 2s. 6d. Frank H. Woodroffe and Friend 4l. Rev. T. B. Brooks 10s. Two Friends 5s. Anonymous 2s. 6d. A few Johnians 1l. A. L. A. 5s. W. H. P. 3s. Alice Maud 2s. 6d. Rose 2s. 6d. T. R. C. 5s. Col. O. H. T. 2s. 6d. Sunnymead Enfield 8s. Dr. Hugh Mackintosh 5l. 5s. Zilla and Christabel 3s. B. L. 2s. 6d. A Friend 2s. A. D. T. 5s. Collected by a Reader 5s. 6d. Total, 270l. 7s. 7d.

Of the above sum 200l. have been paid on account of the 'Donna,' and as requested, 10l. on account of the 'Magnet' and 2l. 12s. 6d. on account of the 'Don,' to the Secretary of the Sisters of Mercy, Miss A. M. Thomas, 27 Kilburn Park Road, N.W. The balance, 57l. 15s. 1d., is in the hands of the Editor, and will be paid over shortly. The initial expenses of starting the 'Donna,' in providing the tins and necessary utensils, and erecting the

permanent shed by the subway, is 20*l*. The cost of an additional boiler in Dock Street is also 20*l*. The permanent cost of maintaining the truck depends upon the number who use it. At present the loss is 3*l*. per week. This implies a terrible amount of destitution, as it is to be borne in mind that only those who are out of work are served at the 'Donna.' It is to be hoped that this amount may be reduced, but even at that rate it is certain that the 'Donna' can now be carried on for above a year.

Mary Smith, Kensington.—Your kind remittance, 10*l*., has been paid to the Sisters for the 'Magnet,' which is now working close to the hiring sheds, Nightingale Lane, where a truck seems more needed than in any other part. The 'Magnet' is only stationed there temporarily, as this truck was given for the Surrey side of the river. As soon as the kitchen is completed there, it will have to be removed. It will work at Nightingale Lane till Christmas. Any communications about the 'Magnet' should be addressed to Miss A. M. Thomas, 27 Kilburn Park Road, N.W.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his Correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.



DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ONLY GENUINE.



ORIGINAL AND

IS THE
GREAT SPECIFIC
FOR
CHOLERA.

COUGHES,
CCOLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.

GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH,
London, REPORT that it ACTS as a
CHARM, one dose generally suffi-
cient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical
Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES
COMPLETELY CURED ME OF
DIARRHŒA."

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you
upon the widespread reputation this
justly-esteemed medicine has earned
for itself all over the East. As a re-
medy of general utility, we much
question whether a better is import-
ed, and we shall be glad to hear of its
finding a place in every Anglo-Indian
home. The other brands, we are
happy to say, are now relegated to the
neglect bazaars, and, judging from
their sale, we fancy their sojourn
there will be but evanescent. We
could multiply instances *ad infinitum*
of the extraordinary efficacy of DR.
COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORO-
DYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery,
Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vo-
miting of Pregnancy, and as a general
sedative, that have occurred under
our personal observation during
many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa,
and even in the more terrible forms
of Cholera itself, we have witnessed
its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form
of this medicine than Collis Browne's,
from a firm conviction that it is de-
cidedly the best, and also from a sense
of duty we owe to the profession and
the public, as we are of opinion that
the substitution of any other than
Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach
of faith on the part of the chemist to
prescriber and patient alike.—We
are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES &
CO., *Members of the Pharma. Society of
Great Britain, Chemists of His Excel-
lency the Viceroy of India.*

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE IS THE TRUE
PALLIATIVE IN
NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is a liquid me-
dicine which assuages PAIN of
EVERY KIND, affords a calm, re-
freshing sleep WITHOUT HEAD-
ACHE, and INVIGORATES the
nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts
short all attacks of
EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC,
PALPITATION, HYSTERIA

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The
IMMENSE SALE of this RE-
MEDY has given rise to many UN-
SCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be
careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all
Chemists, 1s. 14d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
J. T. DAVENPORT, 39 & 41, Russell St., W.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C.
BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff)
DISCOVERED a REMEDY to de-
note which he coined the word CHLO-
RODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE
INVENTOR, and, as the composition
of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be dis-
covered by Analysis (organic sub-
stances defying elimination), and
since the formula has never been pub-
lished, it is evident that any state-
ment to the effect that a compound
is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlo-
rodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many
persons deceive purchasers by false
representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chan-
cellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated
publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS
BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY
the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE,
that the whole story of the defendant
Freeman was deliberately untrue,
and he regretted to say it had been
sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th,
1864.

FOR A HUNDRED EXCELLENT AND PALATABLE

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Write to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS,
enclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented
with a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully
illustrated, called

'GOOD THINGS,'

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME
AND HOUSEHOLD.

'The book embraces a wide field of usefulness.'—BRITISH WORKMAN.

'Can scarcely fail to prove of service.'—THE ROCK.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

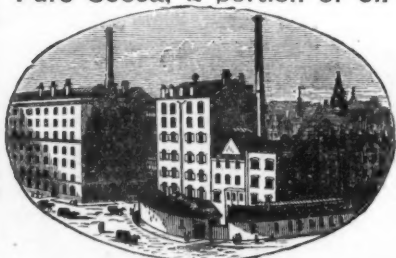
Fry's Cocoa

Extract

GUARANTEED
PURE

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. STODDART, F.I.C., F.C.S., *City and County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for Dublin.*



VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.'

STANDARD.

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS

Awarded to the Firm.

FOR COUGHS. **HOGG'S** FOR COLDS.
HOREHOUND
FOR SORE THROATS. **HONEY** FOR SORE LUNGS.

'I consider your Horehound Honey the most wonderful remedy I have ever tried, possessing properties which are nothing short of marvellous for cure of sore throat and coughs.'

'MARIE ROZE.'

'Your Honey is delicious.—Yours truly, 'EILEEN TERRY.'

Relief Guaranteed. Put up in 1s. 1½d. Bottles.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it in your neighbourhood, Messrs. W. M. HOGG & CO., 64 King William Street, London, E.C., will post a Bottle to any address upon receipt of price.

SOFT **BEETHAM'S** SKIN
GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER

Soon renders the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAP, &c.; and Preserves the Skin from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and no lady should be without it for winter use. After visiting the Bell-room or other Heated Apartment it will be found delightfully Refreshing and Invigorating. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.

Sole Makers,
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS

At 2s. a Yard.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now well known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in Black and all the most beautiful colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and it might almost be said give them to the Public for 2s. a yard.

LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S of Market Street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve. Write for Patterns on an ordinary post card. LEWIS'S pay Carriage on all orders to any address in the United Kingdom.

When writing please mention this Magazine.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

JOHN **& SONS'**

BRINSMEAD
PATENT
SOSTENENTE
PIANOS,

For SALE or HIRE, and on the 3 YEARS' SYSTEM. PRICES FROM 35 TO 330 GUINEAS.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.

Every Piano Guaranteed for Five Years.

Sold by all the Principal Music-sellers.

19, 20, & 22 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.,

AND THE

'Brinsmead Works,' Kentish Town, N.W.